*the*

# transatlantic *review*

Vol. II. No. 4

## THREE POEMS

by Benjamin Gilbert Brooks

### I.

### PALAIS DE DANSE.

Arms wave, listlessly aloof.

The air, red flambant hollyhocks
Crinkling paper-harsh and ripped
By white streaks, throbs with plucked violins.

Gliding nimbly, whirling wide,
Black "Vices" grip pale flesh-sweet flowers,
Crowned with fire and starry-eyed,—
Deftly sweep them limb to limb
Like puppets dangling from a box.

The tingling anguish of the strings
Cries in every burning brain,
While the witch-crazed negroid pianist
Whacks his jacks.

II.

## THE BIRDS.

O birds,
O crystal-glittering twitter...

Great cats cradled like the moon
Swing pale-cinnamon paws and weave
Through sultry drawing-room tombs
Their mummy-scented spells.
Eyes like tiger-lilies burn:
The velvet air purrs hard like drums:
When—crack through the brain,
Like a circus "turn",
In an odd duet with the silly church bells,
The wide-horned ragtime gramophone comes.

Put up the toys again... O birds!
O crystal-glittering twitter of birds...

A cry!

## III.

## ROMANY CARAVANS.

Grey streaks : a railway fence,
Whence floats the dim cropped field.

Crude!... Clear!... Harsh!
They cluster and flit like gaudy juggled balls :
Tin-foil tattered comics creep
From cart to cart...

(Night!—See, the magic baton swoops,
The stars sway nimbly, wheel like wild violins :
Swart, hound-taut bodies, straining cruel, dark lips,
Spring to their spheres : swift eagle-fire
Burns through the drum-whipped dreams of men, bears
    dread doom through the air...)

... Scraggy horses
Lengthen pied necks. Women, leering and heavy,
Greasily beg
Scraps of your life... Beyond,
Tree-tendrils, drifting, clutch at white smoke-balloons :

Oh Caravans!

# TWO POEMS

by H. Stuart.

## I.

## INTRODUCTION TO A SPIRITUAL POEM

Beauty was in her like the moon in the sky
Evoe Lavalliere had left her house
And friends and youthful glory
Had passed by
Music and passion with averted head
On roads that had the color of a mouse.
Not for the sake of the dead
That lure more passionately than very passion,
Not for Christ's sake
Her beauty was not His,
O she had drowned herself in a grey lake
Last night after the very latest fashion
After the last sealed promise,
The last kiss.

Now let us follow carefully the course
Her beauty followed after it was free.
The moon let loose at dawn
From its dark prison has not such recourse
At her command as Evoe's soul, for she
Had lived so variously,
Had been so torn
Between this mood and that that now she had
A choice between much goodness and much bad.

## II.

## NIGHT ARRIVAL

Night is not here remembered for her grief,
Nor darkness, that had made nations afraid,
She is half mocked at and half left alone,
A pitiful thing, a little wandering leaf
Among the floating lights and the cascade
Of weary color and of outworn tone.
I turn and leave this solemn masquerade.
This is a dream and you too real to meet,
I must awake or somehow I will miss you,
If I could only see the moon I'd know
That you would come, for once I heard your feet
Running to me through grey leaves lying dead
When it was full and you too new to kiss you,
White feet too frail to bring you to me now.

## PROBLEMS OF A WORLD IN RUINS

by Ludvig Nordström

*(concluded)*

### V.

This spiritual life in its highest form—religion—we discover at last, has been formed in precisely the same way, for what else is Christianity, such as it took final shape in Catholicism and its offshoots, than a creation and an expression of Italy's poverty?

Most people say they go to Italy for pleasure's sake, but if you ask them *what* they enjoy, their answer is, the sun, the warmth, the fragrance of flowers, the fruits and so on. In other words, they tell you they don't go to Italy, but to a southern climate, and of the myriads who go to Italy the majority of them have never really been there.

We should go to Italy to see and think. Italy, as she lies there with her austere nature, her austere architecture, art and history, at any rate impressed me like the symbolic Eye of God enclosed in a triangle in Christian churches. And that Eye looked into the depths of my soul with a stern and searching gaze, and asked: "Have you lived for the divine within you? Have you sought to perfect yourself?"

Above the statue of a saint in Via del Tritone, Rome, are these words: "*Custos in via*". That was Italy's impression on me.

Perhaps I may venture to say that I have devoted much thought to the problems connected with the History of Christendom. Maybe it is not presumptuous to say that it was in Italy that I felt at last in touch with Christianity as a concrete reality. Never before had I realised how ancient it is in its very essence, and how little, in reality, had it overstepped the natural boundaries of antiquity. The Host, Love and Poverty—these three pillars on which the Christian religion was founded—gleamed as brightly there as they seemed so far off in the cold and darkness and industrialism of Northern Europe. When I was at Capri, in Anacapri's little church, I saw the priest, amidst prayers, genuflections and the tinkling of bells, evidently with unspeakable joy in every movement, seize the chalice with the Wine, and merrily toss its contents down his throat, just as a Swede on an icy winter's day tosses down a glass of schnaps,—then this sacerdotal act became quite as natural as the profane act in Sweden. Only with *one* little difference: the ecclesiastical act was social, the profane individual. Italy, we know, is, for thousands of years, of the world's most striking municipal civilization; the collective life existed there in a highly developed form before Germanic and Gallic Europe had even glimpsed the dawn of civic life. This act with the chalice was but the wine-offering in ancient times, offered, on behalf of the entire city or village at noontide, by the priest or the chief priest—the spiritual head of the municipality—the ghostly *paterfamilias*.

And this wine-offering, what was it except an outcome of chronic poverty? When wealth comes to a country or community, its first effect, history shows, has been the destruction of the old religious customs and their disappearance. In Rome the ancient religion in all its various forms was dead beyond recall when the Empire broke up, and that which killed it was partly the Greek philosophy, which was a consequence of the riches of the East; partly by the transport of these same riches to Rome.

In poor circumstances such as prevailed in Italy when

its policy had not overstepped the limits of that country, at war with a harsh and poor nature, subject to uncertain meteorological conditions which might occasion famine and want through a storm, a heavy squall or anything else of that kind,—every mouthful of food, every drop of wine was a gift, and spontaneous gratitude formed one aspect of religion. But when all the world's wealth was carried to Rome and thence dispersed over the country, and the world toiled for the privileged Roman citizens,—everything became a tribute, no longer a gift, and then gratitude disappeared, for poverty had disappeared—for a time.

With that the Romans had conquered, as Mussolini will presumably try to conquer, that natural characteristic of Italy—poverty; but another characteristic held its ground—strife. Even that, too, was conquered by the Pax Romana. When, however, poverty and strife were conquered, there remained something which the hard stone and soil of Italy had created—the poor man's *greed* and the soldier's *cruelty*.

Now if you were to concentrate into a single focus the multi-coloured rays of both these Roman attributes, that focus would be the Colosseum, where stands the crowning-point of the Old World. It is the culmination of all that poor, hard Italy created in old days. When its 100,000 spectators, freed from poverty and all the miseries of war, were assembled there day after day, week after week, month after month,—what were they doing? They watched amidst a hideous din, with bloodshot eyes, how lions and tigers tore to pieces their enemies within and without the gate. It was poverty's horrible triumph after it had conquered the world by means of the fighting qualities it had fostered.

Out of this victory the springs of Christianity bubbled forth.

Some seven hundred yards from the Colosseum lies the Mamertine Prison, a little cellar-like vault, in which Peter and Paul lay manacled as enemies of the Roman State,

whilst the citizens of Rome, masters of the world, some seven hundred yards off, were rejoicing at their wordly might and its symbol—the death shrieks wrung from men in the anguish of torture.

Three hundred years of history and, lo, the Mamertine Prison has become the temple of the Roman Kingdom. The masters of the world were wringing their hands, and death seemed their only redeemer. Now, what had created this greed and cruelty? The hard stones and earth of Italy, poverty and civil war, when they attained the victory, made mankind taste the bitternesse and gall of a world that had arisen from poverty and strif, feared only poverty and strife, and was haunted by them as by two spectres that had existed for many thousands of years.

How came a movement like Christianity to win in this world, and how, after such a victory, came it to conquer mankind?

I pass by all the minor details which contributed to it, e.g. the strong organisation of the Church as associations for maintaining and assisting the poor during the breaking-up of the Roman Empire, etc., for all that was but secondary phenomena, the outpour of love—the root-idea of Christianity.

The main question is, how did Love conquer a world of cruelty and greed?

To find an answer to this question you must have wandered through Pompeii and all the ancient monuments of Rome, then studied in the Villa Borghese the long rows of busts of Roman Emperors—what a hideous gallery of criminals!—and after that filled your mind with images of the Italian landscape with its hill-towers, castles and cloisters. That done, go to Assisi.

There, at any rate to me, the victory of Christianity appeared in its natural simplicity. All the time my longings carried me up to one of these cities that skirted the sky; it had been my intention to roam through the halls of Monte Cassino. It seemed to me that the explanation of things must dwell up there, high above all the din and

strife, about which the ruins around Italy spoke so eloquently.

And I found the explanation.

All Italy's history had been made by its scantiness of soil; all its history had been particularism, the struggle for life, a life-and-death struggle. A hardy generation had been rudely fashioned by this scarcity of soil, which had created a State, a body of laws, a world-policy hard as the very stones. Borne by this ruthless strength, Italy had conquered the world, and, like a wild beast, carried off its prey to its mountain lair, and there tore it to pieces and devoured it.

Poverty had, in course of time, logically resulted in a mad craving for enjoyment. After having fought for their existence, the Italian people had—thanks to the character which poverty had given their lives—come at length to fight for all the enjoyments earth could bestow.

When all pleasures, all sensations were exhausted, when their satiety was complete, what then remained? Well, let us consider the facts. What was it in ancient times that carried Christianity to victory? It was most certainly the upper class, people of education and refinement. These formed its general staff. This upper class had lorded it over the world as then known in unbroken peace for several hundred years. What that must have implied our turbulent times can hardly imagine. For generations this class had not known what work was; everything came to it in abundance. It had no really material resistance to withstand. Life became too easy. It began to feel a longing for death, since it began to feel the same sort of upbraiding of conscience as we Northerners do when we come to sunny climes. Man *qua* man has no right to such an easy life. But the world was ready, its system complete. There was nothing for this upper class to do; all its work was done; it had tried all imaginable pleasures till they became intolerable through their eternal monotony.

This longing for death which then arose was a longing for work among all classes of society, out of work through

superabundance. There was nothing on earth for them to lay hold of.

Then came Christianity and it conquered because it gave the intellectual and weary of the world an entirely new world to make their own, viz, the world of the spirit.

With this fell the ancient world-kingdom founded on matter; it fell before a new and hitherto undreamt of enjoyment.

I thought I saw this when I looked with my mind's eye towards the Forum, the Palatine and the Colosseum, and in that very moment the soul of Christianity stood revealed before me.

What an unparalleled Epicureanism of ancient days that conceals! What an eternal avidity for the pleasures of the soul! What contempt for the world's *pecus*! What a dizzy self-confidence of thought!

At the same moment I saw up there on the heights of Assisi, in the Franciscan monastery, how all Italy's world of ruins had been its zenith and nadir. With St. Francis Italy had again stepped forth from the Roman world-power with its poverty, stones and earth. The historical cycle was a complete entity, but history had reared high a plan, and a curious spectacle presented itself to my thoughts.

The physical formation of Italy, its poverty of soil, had created a world of cruelty and greed which tried to flee from poverty and which worshipped riches. Wealth had created despair, and despair had turned to a new and better world to conquer. It had discovered the world of the spirit, and when it proceeded to fight its battle and establish its power on earth, what had it then to preach as the very highest? Poverty.

And thus Italy lay there once more with its castellated towns and poor lands, a country poor in soil, and then Roman armies no longer marched along its roads, but friars with crosses in their hands. They taught the combative people that poverty was the way to salvation.

Thus Cato's programme was carried out in a way the Censor had never dreamt; the Italian earth had won a victory surpassing that of the Roman Empire; Italy's scarcity of soil had formulated laws for mankind in the Church, as it had done in the State and architecture and in art and literature.

## VI.

Now I, who am by nature no admirer of ruins but rather of spick-and-span machinery, saw a solution to the problems of this ruined world. From Assisi I saw this ruined world as a whole, as a monument—over what?

As a monument over the war waged against the globe by Cosmopolis, its efforts to overcome it, lay it captive to man's might, and fetter it with the City's bonds.

This ruined world is nothing but a monument over the most gigantic defeat known in the whole history of the Universe, and Christianity was from this point of view the religion of defeat, a spiritual reflex of what had broken down.

And here America comes in. America is the first brand-new attempt that the history of this globe has seen since Rome to make the globe captive to man's might. Nowadays we stand prepared to begin a new period, to try to win a complete victory over the globe. And it is possible that the old world of ruins is approaching its end, is no longer needed to lead us in our fights for the spirit as opposed to matter, for it seems feasible that what is coming will be so unlike what happened previously that no comparison will exist.

And what is pointing in that direction?

Compare America with Italy and you find a little almost naturally worthless land in the one case, in the other a whole quarter of the globe that seems inexhaustibly rich. You also find as a fulcrum for humanity's great effort to make itself master of the globe—poverty, and as a cause

of failure—wealth. You find as a fulcrum for humanity's second great effort to make itself master of the globe—wealth, and you find there as a spiritual fulcrum what has lately been expressed by an American in an entirely different connection, in the following words :—

"We are growing out of the worship of material possessions; it's a matter of fact there is no longer any wide-spread ambition to be rich. Certain it is that people no longer feel respect for riches nor for those who possess them.

"We have found our loadstar in public service. We walk about with big plans when we see in big sums of money what the farmer sees in what he sows—the beginnings of a new and richer crop, the fruit of which can be gathered selfishly as little as the sun's rays".

What is this? The ideal of Christianity.

When I stood on Assisi's hill, in the Franciscan cloister, and looked out on red Umbria, looked still further out towards Italy, and all its warlike history, which was the outcome of poverty,—then I understood that up here in the vault of heaven was not only the summit of the world of ruins, but also the step to a new world—a world where Christianity played its part, since its vision of the world, its dominant idea—Love—entered into the world's consciousness, and for that reason was it that the old world built on Rome writhed in convulsions, shrieked in the anguish of death which possibly may extend for centuries.

And, therefore, it was natural for me to let my gaze glance across the globe from Assisi to the America I had quoted in a foregoing chapter, for there lay the real solution of the problem of the ruined world ; there had Christianity been absorbed in the American's outlook on life, and thereby the possibility that riches—the worst enemy man had ever encountered in the course of his earthly pilgrimage—would some day prove impotent to deaden the soul.

Unless you have the part played by wealth in the drama of the world clear in your mind's eye, History remains a chaos, but once this part has been made clear, and you

have been taught to see that History turns on riches as humanity's central problem and touchstone, forming its most divergent manifestations of life,—then, and not till then, the ruined world of Italy appears in all the symbolism of its world-history. And then it comes about, as unexpected as it is logical, that this ruined world points far away across Europe, torn and mangled by the strifes engendered by poverty, to America that great new continent of the West, and if in Italy you can behold the end of the Old Testament, in America you can look for the beginning of the New Testament.

Translated by W. F. Harvey.

# THE DECOY

by Geoffrey Coulter.

It was very dark, and there was a great heaviness in the warm air—the heaviness of green leaves. Rotund oppressive trees closed in the road. It was a sleepless kind of a night, the kind of a night that young men toss in their beds, wakeful for want of a sweetheart.

A strange procession went the road to Athleague that July night. A closed-in touring-car moved very slowly through the darkness, the engine humming resentfully at this unusual mode of progression. It went so slow that you'd think every minute it was going to stop. There was a man in the car, the driver. The door hung open beside him and he lying half out of it in a queer strained posture. The car showed no light.

On each side of the slow-moving black mass there marched six men. Their feet were noiseless in the grass of the wayside. They marched like ducks, in two long straggling lines, six feet between man and man. Hardly visible in the gloom, they were an odd company. One wore an expensive-looking chocolate-coloured lounge suit, cut by a fashionable London tailor. It was mud-stained and torn. A tall, bare-headed youth wore a rough brown sports-coat, a flowing orange silk tie, and riding-breeches. Of the others, some wore the rough clothes of the mechanic or the farm-laborer, two wore the neat but unlovely attire of the Irish middle-classes. Each man carried a Lee-Enfield, and a cloth bandolier. None spoke, and all save the man in the lounge-suit, had an air of anticipation. He only looked bored.

They turned a corner, into the open. The trees were left behind now, the road ran between wide pasture-field with high thorn hedges. Another body of men was approaching, their feet making a steady rhythm on the hard road. "HALT!" The powerful headlights of the motor blazed out, suddenly, dazzlingly, showing a wide stretch of white road. Simultaneously the driver rolled from his seat to the ground and crawled beneath the car. The escort had vanished, they were running in the fields on each side of the road, crouched in the shadow of the high hedges, a little in advance of the car. "Halt! Halt! HALT!" CRASH! Rifle and revolver fire rang deafeningly through the night, and with a tinkling of broken glass the car slowly, with a portentous and drunken gravity, wobbled into the ditch. Twenty grim-looking men in dark-green uniforms clustered around it. There was a great clicking of rifle-bolts, and the clatter of butts grounded on the road. "Why the bloody hell did'nt ye halt, ye bastards?"—"UP Collins!"—"Plug the whores!"

Among indiscriminate laughing, shouting, cursing, they threw open the door of the empty car. There came that instant a riot of popping and crackling, a very storm of death from each hedge. A bomb hurtled wildly skyward, hung for a moment, and fell among them. Curses, and frantic screams of pain... "Put them up, ye bloody traitors!"

A heap of rifles lay in the road beside the car, and a little group of smoke-blackened blood-spattered men stood there, hands raised awkwardly above their heads. One man held his left hand up with his right, his face was twisted with pain. Five or six bodies lay clumsily on the road. Two of them struggled, one was weeping softly and persistently.

A very tall fair young man with a soft boyish face stepped out on to the road. He held a smoking Webley in front of him. When he heard the weeping he grew very pale, and bit his lip until it bled. He shouted orders in a high, strained voice.

Ten minutes later the battered car was rushing homewards. In it were five men. In the front seat, the driver, and a stout man who held his head tightly between his two hands. In the back seat an armed man, and two others. One was the man who had wept, he was still moaning softly. The third man held his hands to his stomach, and screamed on a high note whenever the car jolted. The armed man looked thoughtful. "It was a strange thing", he thought, "to knock hell out of the bloody Staters, and not to be boastful and happy after". But then it was to kill Staters and have done with it he came out, and not to be driving along with them and them groaning and feeling their wounds. You might just as well be going to hell along with them.

# MEMORIES

by Luke Ionides.

## IX.

I knew W. G. Gilbert's *Bab Ballads* before I knew him personally, so I was very glad to meet him as the author. In 1875 or 76 we went off to Paris together. I cannot recollect what hotel we went to, but I remember Gilbert on one occasion found that a Frenchman had been using our bathroom, and thereupon left half-a-crown in the bath, as a reward for him the next day. One day I was telling Gilbert how much I thought that the dressing of the characters in a play made it a continued success, and I said "How beautiful a play would be with the characters dressed in Liberty costumes like those in Burne Jone's 'Golden Stairs'." A few mornings after he told me he was changing the play on which he was busy and having two rival poets instead of two rival curates, and the girls of the chorus were to be dressed in Liberty costumes; and that is how *Patience* was created.

In the year 1880 he re-wrote *Sweethearts* for my children to act, and superintended its production himself. I painted the scenery and one day Gilbert, calling and seeing my work, said that the Almighty must be very much obliged to me for having so many ideas of landscape that he had never had. We shortly after went for a cruise with him in his yacht "Chloris". Dr. and Mrs. Playfair were there. He had great fun with Playfair because the latter in spite of his great abilities, when his wife cut her finger, could do nothing.

Gilbert was very fond of cooking and many times he asked us to send the servants away to the theatre and it is needless to say that there was so much fun and laughter that the dinner was seldom ready before nine o'clock. We generally started with oysters *en casserole*, soup, *bisque de homard*, both done by Mr. Gilbert ; then we had Turkish *pilaff*, done by me ; then there were either partridges, quail or woodcock cooked in Dutch ovens by Gilbert, and a variety of sweets, notably burnt cream. One evening a lovely girl, Miss Kell, was acting as kitchenmaid when the grocer's boy appeared at the back door. She went to open it, and he was so startled by her appearance that he dropped everything and stood staring at her.

There were delightful entertainments at Gilbert's house. One evening there was a clairvoyant there and Gilbert enclosed a five-pound note which nobody else had seen in an envelope and told the clairvoyant he should have it if he could tell the number of the note. The man placed the envelope against his forehead for a short time and then said : "I can see 1, 4, 3, but no further." Afterwards Gilbert said to me that those were the only three numbers of the note that he remembered himself, there having been five in all, and that gave me the impression that it was thought reading.

We never quite agreed about Burne Jones' work, when I represented to him that we each of us had a right to three per cent. of insanity and his three per cent. showed itself in his want of appreciation of Burne Jones' work. He liked Whistler's, especially his etchings. He himself used to draw most amusing caricatures, and he illustrated his *Bab Ballads* himself. Burnand, who was editor of *Punch*, asked him once to join the staff, and he said he would not do such an unjust thing, as if he joined people might want to read *Punch*! He always thought *Punch* was such a poor production. I cannot agree with him, as I know of no production which has existed for so many years and which has invariably been so remarkably good. But I understand that years before he had offered the

*Bab Ballads* to *Punch* and they were refused, and then they were published by the rival paper—I think *Fun*. He was, of course, well known as a wit. He was made a Justice of the Peace, and when asked what he was, he said: "I've been called to the Bar but my knowledge of the law need not preclude my becoming a magistrate."

One of his guests once trespassed in the neighbourhood; the owner of the land, a celebrated jam maker, complained to Gilbert, who apologized profusely, saying: "I regret very much that a guest of mine should have interfered with, if I may use the word, your preserves."

He told us one day that in church the preacher spoke to them of Jonah and his having been three days and three nights "in the—in the—*society* of the whale." A French lady present asked what he meant by "society", and Gilbert answered, "Oh, corporation". I once asked him how he liked Tree in "Hamlet". "Oh," he said, "I liked him very well, he was comic without being vulgar!" One day he asked the porter at the theatre if a certain lady was there, and the porter said that she "was round behind". Upon which Gilbert answered, "I didn't ask you *how* she was, I asked you *where* she was."

On another occasion when leaving the theatre, a man behind him, taking him for an attendant, because he was bare-headed, said to him: "Will you call me a four-wheeler?" Gilbert turned round and said to him: "Well, you're a four-wheeler, I'm sorry I can't call you hansom," and the man apologized profusely for having insulted him. He was constantly playing tricks on a French lady who, on one occasion, asked him the English names of the different joints. She wanted "poitrine de mouton" and he told her the English was "bosom" and the lady much perplexed the butcher next day by asking for a "bosom of mutton". Gilbert used to maintain that this lady illustrated the part of the animal that she wanted by pointing to it on her own person.

Gilbert's collaborateur, Sullivan, was often at his house. When I returned from Wallachia in 1863 I brought back

a quantity of Roumanian folk-songs which my sister lent to Sullivan, and later I think that those songs were occasionally reflected in his music. Like other musicians, he was influenced by folk music.

The first thing I heard of Sullivan's was Cox and Box at Arthur Lewis'. The actors were, if I am not much mistaken, Du Maurier and Sullivan's brother. That was, I think, about the year 1866. One evening at the "Yeomen of the Guard" I noticed a tall, dark girl in the chorus. I heard that she was of gipsy blood. She had been a model to Burne Jones and to other artists. One day when she was sitting to Val Prinsep a learned divine came in who hearing her called by her name, "Reserva", said it was a matter of tremendous interest to him; he had written and maintained that the gipsies, who may have been in Europe over two thousand years, came originally from the lower slopes of the Himalayas, and "reserva" in the language there spoken means a pigeon. Now the gipsies, he said, are the most conservative people and there is no doubt that that name was handed down from grandmother to granddaughter over all that period, and he made a long disquisition on the subject. Val, impatient, finally asked Reserva how she got her name. "Oh," she said, "it was a freak of Pa's, as I was born by the Notting Hill reservoir."

Gilbert did a great deal to raise the position of people on the stage. He insisted on all the women in his theatre being treated with great respect. Members of the stage ought to be grateful to him and to Henry Irving for the different estimation in which actors have been held since their time. He always maintained that it was wrong to look upon actors as an inferior class.

In 1860 Du Maurier shared a studio with Jimmy Whistler, I think it was, in Newman Street. He met Charles Keene at my father's house, and soon they became friendly, and not long after that he joined the *Punch* staff. One day at dinner at my father's Charles Keene was there, and when the ladies rose to go, Keene rushed to open

the door, but instead of the room door, he opened the jam cupboard much to the consternation of his hostess.

Du Maurier was very intimate with Whistler and they remained great friends until *Trilby* appeared, when the reference to Whistler as "the idle apprentice" in the Harper issue caused a breach between them. He often used to talk about his dreams to me before *Peter Ibbetson* appeared, which reminded us so much of his way of talking. He used to say that when lying down he crossed his legs, put his hands behind his head, and then had all sorts of dreams at will. In fact, Peter Ibbetson who "dreamt true" was partly taken from his own experience. The book did not have the great success of *Trilby* which was published later.

I was congratulating him on the success of the latter when he said to me that it was not a source of pleasure to him. "I hate it," he said. "I have always wished to gain a reputation through my drawing and it is rather bitter for me to get a success by what I consider my worst work. After all, it owes so much to the *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*, only the British public does not know that."

Svengali was taken from a Greek student in Paris, who was extremely ugly but an able musician and who had an idea that all women fell in love with him. He claimed to have mesmeric power but we had no proof of it. Du Maurier's brother was in the Army and was great friends with the Prince de Ligne. There was a story told of their talking together while under arms, and the rather rough captain shouted : "Eh, vous là-bas, comment vous appelez-vous ?" To which the Prince de Ligne answered, "Moi, mon capitaine, je suis le Prince de Ligne. Et vous, monsieur ?" The result was that they both got degraded to the ranks. They both appear in *Trilby*.

I saw him but seldom in the latter years of his life and I felt the loss, having seen him so much during the earlier years, before he was married. He was a delightful singer and I always heard with so much pleasure such songs

as *Le Vin à quatre sous* and *Mon père est à Paris*, which appears in *Trilby*.

Charles Keene often used to come to my house, and always had some good stories to tell, but he often forgot the point of the story he was telling and would promise to give it at his next visit—which promise he sometimes fulfilled. Du Maurier said that at the *Punch* dinners he often used to get a rise from Keene on that account. Keene was a great friend of Edwards who published two volumes of etchings of the Inns of England. Edwards' portrait and that of Mrs. Edwards by Fantin in the National Gallery are well known. Mrs. Edwards helped Fantin very much with the sale of his pictures in England. My father bought from him several of his flower paintings which at that time were pounds each, and now fetch many hundreds.

At Mrs. Edwards', I several times met Fitzgerald of *Omar Khayyam* fame, a most delightful man, and he struck me as being much too much of an out-of-doors man to have written that wonderful poetry. My friend Edwards had rather a remarkable career : he was for many years attached to the law, and when his office was abolished, he took to painting. He had made for himself a glass house, that was on wheels and he used to sit in it and paint the landscape. One day when he was painting out in the open, a man came and looked at his work and said to him : "Your work looks much better, master, when some way off," to which Edwards replied : "And so would you, my friend."

## X.

I was introduced to Tennyson by Burne-Jones, and have heard many stories about him. One was that Oscar Browning went up to him one day and said : "How are you Mr. Tennyson?" Tennyson looked at him and said : "Who are you?" "I am Browning." "That's

a lie," said Tennyson, and turned his back on him. Once at a garden-party a lady was sitting next to him and he suddenly turned to her and said : "Madam, your stays are creaking." She was furious and walked away. After a time Tennyson met her again, and said : "Madam, I have to apologize to you. It was not your stays that were creaking, but my boots."

One evening he called on his friend Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, and they each had a chair by the fire-side and a pipe and sat silent until eleven o'clock. They had not exchanged a word, when Tennyson got up to leave and said to Woolner : "I've had the happiest evening I remember." Woolner on his voyage to Australia met a man who told him his story. Woolner wrote it out and gave it to Tennyson ; it was the story of Enoch Arden. I always regretted that on *Enoch Arden* being published no mention was made of his having received the story from Woolner.

Tom Woloner was going one day on an omnibus to Hampstead, and entered into conversation with a working-man sitting next him. The man told him he was a stone-mason and his greatest admiration was for a sculptor by the name of Woolner. Woolner said to him : "Would you like to meet him ?" The man said : "Yes," upon which Woolner informed him that he himself was Thomas Woolner. The man looked at him for a moment with fury and then got off the omnibus without saying a word. He evidently thought that he was being made fun of.

Woolner was a most interesting talker and he had a manner of using his hands in describing things. He once told me of a visit he had paid to the Queen, and he said she was "so high", raising his hand some two feet from the floor, and "so broad", putting his two hands too feet apart. Naturally it was an exaggeration, but it was extremely funny. He had a great knowledge of art, and had a fine collection of pictures, including *The Carpenter's Shop* of Holman Hunt, several Turners and a Millet.

Among other people I have known was William De Morgan, whom I first met at University College, I think in 1854. He was very friendly with Morris and Burne Jones. Morris used to say he was the most amusing man he knew. He had a factory where most beautiful lustre tiles were made, which I used in decorating my fireplaces. Morris also used them for decoration. The expense of making them was very great, and they did not pay, so De Morgan took to novel writing and made a lot of money by it. It was rather an extraordinary case, as his first novel, *Joseph Vance* appeared when he was at an advanced age. My daughter Maisie was congratulating him on its great success when he said: "Yes, now I go to the tuppenny tube and plank down my tuppence without thinking about it!" I heard that he made four thousand pounds out of *Joseph Vance*.

There was a story told about old Professor De Morgan, William's father. His wife complained to him one day that a clerk at Shoolbred's had been rude to her. He asked her to take him round there the next day and point out the man. He seized hold of him and administered a sound thrashing "to teach him to be rude to ladies in future". The professor had lost one eye and the boys in his class were very fond of making caricatures of him on their desks. He once went round and saw all these productions, and then said that he had seen them all, that very few of them showed any ability, the rest incomparable stupidity and he did not propose to punish anybody.

I was extremely fond of my friend Thomas Arnold, who was a magistrate at Westminster. I was often at his house in St. John's Wood and I greatly admired his library. It was a long room with book-cases covering all the walls to the height of eight feet. On the ledge at the top he had some busts and statuettes. He had a fine collection of Greek coins and some good old china.

He married a daughter of Mrs. Hogg, who had been the widow of Williams, who was drowned with Shelley.

She told me that she had stayed with the Shelleys in Italy, that she sang to him an Indian air to which he wrote the words "I arise from dreams of thee". One morning at early breakfast, Shelley appeared in the breakfast room naked and said: "I went for a swim and somebody stole my clothes". Williams said to him: "Well, you had better go and put some on!" He didn't seem to think it the least odd that he should appear before them all naked. Arnold told me that one day he and Shelley went for a walk with some other men, who went on ahead to order a drink at an inn. When Shelley and Arnold arrived there, Shelley asked them what they were drinking, and one of them answered "Hot water". "Bah!" said Shelley. "That's what we thought, Shelley, so we put some sugar in." "Horrible stuff, sugar and hot water!" "That's what we thought, Shelley, so we put some rum in it." "Why, it's punch you're drinking!" "Yes, people call it so, but we thought you wouldn't like the name."

One day Arnold told me, Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb were out for a walk together and met Coleridge. The latter talked goody-goody to them for some time and then left them. Leigh Hunt said to Lamb: "Why the devil does that man Coleridge talk to us like that?" To which Lamb answered: "There's a deal of fun in Coleridge."

At the Arnold's I met Captain Wingfield, who was very full of his invention, lawn tennis. He called it *sphairistike* but the name was soon abandoned when the game was taken up, for lawn-tennis.

Thomas Arnold used often to come to my house, especially in the evening, when Herman Muller Strubing would also come, and we translated Homer, Aristophanes and other Greek authors into German. Strubing was the greatest authority on Aristophanes and knowing the dates when his plays were produced, he decided that Curtius was wrong in the date he assigned to the Peloponesian war. He published a book called "Polemischer Critiken Uber Aristophanes."

I was always interested in the way he had acquired his knowledge of Greek. In the year 1832 he was imprisoned in Madgeburg for treasonable speeches and remained there until liberated in 1848, and during his captivity he took to the study of Greek and became such a master of the language that, if any verse from the Iliad or the Odyssey were quoted, he could repeat the whole page. I started reading with Muller in 1864 and went on, I should say, for ten years. He had an accident which caused his death some years later.

*The End.*

# LE CONTE DU BON ET DU MAUVAIS OUVRIERS

by

André Wurmser

*à Georgette Moreau*

Il était une fois un livre de lectures courantes à l'usage des écoles primaires de la ville de Paris, dont l'édition avait été subventionnée et souscrite en partie par Monsieur le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique et des Beaux-Arts. Son auteur était un bedeau nommé Bedel. Les enfants y pouvaient apprendre la liste officielle et complète de toutes les paroles historiques, du vase de Soissons à nos jours, comment retrouver son chemin par le secours de la boussole, et la fable de la guenon, du singe et de la noix, dont la morale réconforte les jeunes époux inexpérimentés. Il y avait aussi, dans cet ouvrage varié, la biographie de Théodule, le bon ouvrier, et une vignette qui le représentait, vêtu d'un bourgeron propret et d'un pantalon de velours à côtes, sa casquette à la main, sa boîte d'outils sur la hanche, la raie à gauche, les cheveux aplatis et la moustache couleur de tabac du Levant. Cette plaisante image ne manqua pas de tenter les ciseaux du petit espiègle que j'étais alors. Je la découpai soigneusement, pour d'ailleurs l'oublier en classe, quand sonna la cloche du croissant et de la tablette.

Le lendemain, Théodule, toujours ponctuel, s'éveilla dès le premier coup de six heures. Il cira ses chaussures, sortit de l'école et salua poliment le concierge, montrant

ainsi le respect qu'on doit aux personnes âgées. Il ôta encore sa casquette pour demander son chemin au gardien de la paix, et se rendit à son travail.

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Théodule est économe et sobre. Sa mise n'est jamais négligée. Il est docile et consciencieux, d'esprit conciliant et d'humeur égale. C'est un citoyen courageux, toujours prêt à se suspendre aux rênes d'un cheval emballé, à tirer du fleuve un pauvre hère qu'ont mené là des peines de cœur, l'abus des spiritueux ou de mauvaises fréquentations. Il guette les aveugles démunis de chien, et leur offre son bras pour les aider à traverser la rue. Son quotidien est le *Journal Officiel*, qu'il lit d'un bout à l'autre. Il est en butte aux quolibets de ses camarades d'atelier. Il dédaigne leurs tracasseries. Il pense : les chiens aboient, la caravane passe, proverbe arabe. Le dimanche, il met son beau costume et se promène dans la campagne. Il aime la banlieue parisienne, ses coquettes localités, ses pêcheurs placides, son herbe, la friture et les balançoires. Mais l'automne, selon Théodule, est une saison mélancolique, chargée de poésie et de tuberculose. Aussi préfère-t-il alors dédier ses loisirs à de bonnes lectures. Les heures supplémentaires du samedi lui ont permis d'acheter dix volumes : *les Misérables*, *le Maître de Forges*, le manuel du petit inventeur et les gros dictionnaires Larousse. C'est un esprit sain dans un corps sain.

Toc toc toc. Avril. Les arbres fruitiers sont en fleurs. La nature s'est parée de ses habits de fête. Toc toc toc. Théodule, le bon ouvrier frappe à la porte de sa gentille voisine. Celle-ci est une jeune et courageuse ouvrière, qui de ses doigts de fée, nourrit un père infirme, une mère aveugle et un petit frère studieux. Elle sait, depuis dix mois, que Théodule fait l'admiration de leur concierge commune, qu'elle n'a pas à faire à un de ces vauriens pour qui l'honneur des vierges n'est que sujet à railleries. Elle demande à ses parents la permission d'aller voir de

la verdure avec Théodule. Et le père infirme et la mère aveugle, chaque jour plus touchés du dévouement de leur fille chérie, opinent du bonnet.

***

Théodule fut charmant. Il céda le côté de la rampe dans l'escalier, sa place dans le métropolitain, son coin dans le compartiment. Il fit montre à tout bout de champ d'une érudition encyclopédique et d'une mémoire inaltérable. Il différencia les pays traversés suivant les lois de la géologie : « Voici un terrain quaternaire ; celui-ci est tertiaire ; celui-là primaire : c'est le plus vieux des trois. » A la terrasse d'un café, face à la gare d'Antony, ils burent du sirop de grenadine. Théodule fut compagnon aimable, causeur disert. Il fut souriant toute la sainte journée. Il cita discrètement des adages latins, dit "Alea jacta est" après avoir composé le menu, "sic transit gloria mundi" en saluant un corbillard de seconde classe, et "errare humanum est" comme elle s'excusait d'avoir dit : j'ai-z-été. Il posa de fines devinettes. Il récita la *Grève des Forgerons*. Il expliqua le mécanisme de la pompe aspirante et foulante. Il dit que la politique n'était pas son fort et qu'il demeurait dans l'expectative. Il eût été parfait sans ce léger défaut de prononciation qui lui faisait hacher lentement les syllabes ; pour exprimer qu'il pleuvait, Théodule ânonnait : il-tom-be-de-l'eau, — et quand il disait : eau, parfois, il ne pleuvait plus.

Elle n'était pas jolie. Elle avait ce qu'on appelle : un gentil minois chiffonné. Elle était modeste, silencieuse, réservée. Comme il faut. Elle fredonnait de bonne grâce des romances sentimentales et décentes. Elle ne disait jamais : je veux, mais je voudrais, car elle était pauvre. Elle ressemblait à un mouton. Elle portait régulièrement à son nez le bouquet de violettes que Théodule avait demandé la permission de lui offrir et disait à chaque coup : « Vous avez touché juste, car c'est mon odeur préférée. »

Théodule poussait l'escarpolette, en baissant honnêtement les paupières. Mais sous les habits éternels que leur octroie un dessinateur à tant la vignette, les bons ouvriers ont un cœur sensible.

***

Ce fut comme au premier chapitre des romans à zéro franc soixante-quinze, quatre pages avant la lettre anonyme, le traitre masqué ou la catastrophe imprévue. Ils se prirent la main ; ils se firent des aveux ; elle lui offrit son chaste front. Il appuya dessus ses lèvres tremblantes. Ils se séparèrent avec un frisson. Ils rêvèrent de leur foyer futur, quatrième étage sur la cour, deux pièces et une cuisine, un mobilier Henri II, simple et de bon goût, une toile cirée à fleurs, une pendule à sujet, « perdus en mer » ou « la chasse au cerf », une lampe à pétrole, un livret de Caisse d'Epargne, le *Petit Journal* et son supplément. Ils revinrent à la nuit, les doigts entrelacés. Il la regardait à la dérobée. Elle portait à ses lèvres le bouquet de violettes, et le baisait, disant : « Nous le conserverons sous une cloche de verre, dans notre chambre. »

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« ...et si nous vous donnons une petite-fille, nous l'appellerons Antoinette, en souvenir de nos promesses d'Antony. » Le père infirme et la mère aveugle hochèrent la tête et dirent : «Maintenant, nous pouvons mourir en paix. » . . . Le petit frère studieux et la concierge, qui retenaient mal leurs pleurs, s'écrièrent alors : « Vivez plutôt, vivez heureux, entourés de l'affection de tous les vôtres et de l'estime de votre quartier. »

***

Huit ans ont passé. Théodule est devenu contremaître. Sa femme vaque aux soins du ménage. Elle se rend au

lavoir Saint-Amédée le vendredi. Le grand-père infirme et la grand'mère aveugle viennent dîner une fois par semaine (1). L'oncle studieux est parti chercher de l'or au Klondyke. De là, il envoie des lettres nostalgiques à ses vieux parents, des cadeaux utiles à son neveu et des vues du pays à son beau-frère Théodule.

Antonin est un enfant modèle. Bon sang ne peut mentir. Il a un tablier noir, une ceinture luisante, un regard franc, les mains nettes. Il apprend ses leçons sous l'abat-jour à pompons de la lampe à pétrole. Il n'attache pas de casserole à la queue des chats. Il ne tire pas les nattes des petites filles. Il se découvre quand passe le drapeau tricolore.

Plus tard, il sera d'abord apprenti, puis directeur de l'usine dans laquelle aura peiné son père. Il épousera la fille de son patron. Elle sera riche, mais compatissante. Il ne rougira pas d'être d'humble extraction. Théodule, alors, sera petit rentier et sa femme petite rentière. Ils habiteront Clamart. Ils auront un jardin coquet et seront à deux minutes de la gare.

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Il y avait, parmi les livres qu'Antonin rangeait avec soin dans sa case, un recueil de leçons d'instruction civique et morale et d'histoire de France usuelle, pieusement édité par un descendant de l'héroïne de Beauvais. Son auteur était un boîteux nommé Boitel. Ce volume divertissant contenait les clauses essentielles du traité de Nimègue, la chanson des rues et des bois et la conjuguaison du verbe trépasser : je trépassai, tu trépassas... Il contait également l'histoire d'Alfred, le mauvais ouvrier, qu'une gravure montrait, impitoyablement, les oreilles sales, la trogne mal rasée, les chaussures éculées, les moustaches tombantes et roussies, les poches retournées et la veste dépouillée de tous ses boutons. Il portait une casquette graisseuse

(1) L'un portant l'autre, selon la loi de nature qui veut qu'on s'entr'aide.

sur le côté et brandissait un litre vide à chaque main. Cette image inspirait le dégoût. Le vertueux Antonin l'ôta de son livre et la jeta par terre.

Le lendemain, Alfred s'éveilla en retard. Il sortit par la fenêtre, une cigarette éteinte collée à la lèvre inférieure, éternua au nez d'une ménagère sans porter la main devant la bouche, urina contre un mur le long duquel la loi du 29 juillet 1881 interdisait pourtant de déposer des ordures, jura grossièrement et se rendit au cabaret.

Quatre jours la semaine, Alfred fait l'usine buissonnière. Il fréquente des femmes de mauvaise vie, atteintes de maladies vénériennes, et les réunions électorales du parti anarchiste. Il perd son petit pécule au zanzibar. Il boit sans mesure et se roule dans les ruisseaux fangeux. Les enfants se gaussent de lui ; Antonin détourne la tête. Des agents charitables le soutiennent et l'emportent. Le mauvais ouvrier habite une maison meublée. Sa chambre évoque les écuries d'Augias. La gérante le congédie. Il loue une mansarde dans la maison de Théodule. Il séduit une pianiste dont la mère est la concierge de l'immeuble. Il fait le serment de ne plus boire. Son vice est le plus fort. Il boit l'argent de sa paye et mange des soupes populaires. Il abuse de la bienfaisance municipale. Il fraude l'octroi et dit : Voler l'Etat n'est pas voler. Il ricane au nez des curés, des anciens militaires et des femmes enceintes. Il ne respecte rien. Un dimanche qu'il cuve son vin sur les remparts, il est atteint de delirium tremens et tombe dans Vincennes du haut des fortifications.

Je trépassai, tu trépassas... il avait trépassé.

La pianiste déshonorée ayant au préalable fait retentir de ses cris la loge maternelle, mit bas deux rejetons posthumes de l'alcoolique invétéré. Elle commit la folle im-

prudence de nourrir le premier au sein. Les lois de l'hérédité sont : inexorables. En moins de temps qu'il n'en faut pour l'écrire, l'enfant mit sa mère à sec. Ils périrent. Et le frère du parricide fut élevé par ses aïeux, le et la concierges. Pauvre petiot! L'homme était aussi facteur. Au premier janvier, lui et ses collègues faisaient imprimer à leurs frais des calendriers illustrés qu'ils distribuaient gracieusement aux donneurs d'étrennes. Par malheur, ses locataires lui accordaient bien une gratification à titre de concierge, mais quand le facteur leur venait présenter ses vœux : « Tiens, disaient-ils, vous avez oublié quelque chose ? » — et les calendriers lui restaient pour compte, tout illustrés qu'ils fussent. A ce petit jeu, le grand-père gaspillait une vingtaine de francs l'an, ce qui n'était pas sans creuser un gros trou dans son modeste budget.

Les lois de l'hérédité sont inexorables. Mais les enfants ne sauraient porter le lourd fardeau des fautes paternelles. Le petit Adolphe fut sain de corps et d'esprit, et la consolation des malheureux vieillards qui le choyaient.

Et son tour vint d'aller à l'école primaire.

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Il y avait dans les cartables de la nouvelle génération un livre de leçons de choses, par Bedel et Boitel, précédé d'un avertissement, revu et corrigé. Là, des gens bien renseignés affirmaient l'existence de ces montagnes, de ces sous-préfectures qui semblent avoir emprunté leurs noms à des héros de Monsieur Paul Bourget : Loudéac, Marvejols, Saint-Affrique et Gerbier des Joncs. Là, de savants explorateurs exposaient tout au long la manière dont d'ingénieux scandinaves transforment indifféremment leurs arbres nationaux, soit en pâte à papier, soit en allumettes suédoises. Là, était divulgué le moyen de connaître l'âge du chêne et du cheval, d'après sa coupe ou sa dentition. Là, se retrouvaient contés la vie exemplaire de Théodule, le bon ouvrier, et le lamentable destin d'Alfred, buveur et paresseux.

Le petit Adolphe découpa la vignette qui figurait l'ivrogne, puis celle du prolétaire sérieux. Il les abandonna sur le plancher de la classe.

Durant une solennelle nuit, ces images complémentaires gardèrent une muette immobilité.

Mais le lendemain matin, la femme de service les balaya, non sans maudire ces petits garnements qui abîment les fournitures scolaires, fournitures qu'après tout paye le contribuable,

c'est-à-dire : elle,

vous,

et moi.

N.-B. — Cette brève nouvelle achevée, ne m'aperçois-je pas que j'ai omis d'utiliser les mots et locutions suivants : pondéré, circonspect, chevet, panem et circences, joliement, radical (un remède radical) radical (le parti radical) à hue et à dia, au diable vauvert, consèquent, derechef, judicieux, sentencieux, facètieux, et torrent d'injures.

Dieu veuille que mes lecteurs me pardonnent pareille ètourderie !

# HAYWIRED

By Ivan Beede.

Cousin Edna came out of the kitchen, where she had been helping her sister Jessie with the dinner dishes. She held her hand over her heart, and her weak face was dilated with excitement. There was no one else in the house except Paul, the doctor's son.

"Lord! Oh! Lord!", and then, "Come quick, Paul, we've got to do something, what can we do? I've always said something like this would happen. I've said it every day of my life. She's going to marry Rodney Smith. She's going to throw over Benny Shedd, and she's been engaged to him more than two years. We've got to do something, Paul, and there's nobody here. What can we do?"

Paul closed the novel he was reading, and looked gravely a moment at the mellow Indian Summer day. He was at the age when one looks grave, and besides in a few weeks he would be a freshman at University.

They went into the kitchen to question her.

She had just wiped her hands on the lavatory towel and was setting the dishes away in the cupboard. The sleeves were rolled up to the elbow over her white forearms, and beneath the hem of her dress, which reached less than half-way down from the knees, he saw her calves clothed in black silk stockings. Calico dress and black silk stockings.

Her eyes were gray, threaded with blue, and they were suited to her white skin and her fair, lustreless hair. Usually

they shone in a way that filled men with a wild tugging, as a quick breeze fills the sails of a ship on the sea. Now they were cool and defiant.

Paul began in a paternal tone. "When are you going to do this, Jessie?" he asked.

They did not always get on well together. As his father's housekeeper she tried sometimes to boss him. But now she needed his help, and she said with a touch of appeal in her voice, "This afternoon. I'm going to take the 5 o'clock train and meet him in Lincoln, and we are going for a honeymoon to Kansas City. Please don't tell anybody, Paul—it's a secret."

"She won't even wait a day," wailed Edna. "She won't even wait until Uncle Doctor comes home from Omaha. She might do that much, anyhow. I'd like to know what *he* thinks about it."

"Well now, Edna," answered Jessie, provoked, "If you have to know everything—I told Uncle Doctor. What do you think about that?"

"I don't believe it," said Edna. She turned toward Paul, keeping her eyes on Jessie. "Paul, there's something mysterious about all this, I swear there is. Do you know what she's going to do? She's going to elope with Rodney Smith without saying a word to the man she's been engaged to more than two years. She won't even wait long enough to go down home to Shelby and tell him."

"Why won't you wait, Jessie?" asked Paul, soothingly.

"Because we don't want to. We want to get married and we are going to." She straightened her back against the enameled sink, gripping the rim of it with her hands. "I wish you people would leave me alone. This is my business, and I am going to do exactly as I please, and don't you forget it."

"Yes, you would," sneered Edna. "You'd do a trick like this and not care what it means to Benny Shedd, or to the folks. You don't care what people say about their daughter."

"What's the matter with Rodney, Edna?" Jessie demanded. "I don't see where the folks can object to him."

An idea came to Paul. "Doesn't even Mr. Smith know that Rodney is going to elope with you?"

She knew what he meant. Mr. Smith was comfortably off; he owned the big department store, and Rodney was his heir. The elopement would be a severe shock to him.

She thrust her chin out a little further, and shook her head.

"Poor Benny Shedd!" said Edna. "Think of him, Paul. How would you like to be in his place, and have your girl run away with another man and not even tell you? How would *she* like to be in his place? But this is just like her, Paul. He's too good for her, that's the trouble, a thousand times too good for her, and she doesn't know it. He's done everything in the world for her and this is what he gets. This is the way she treats him.'

Paul tried to appeal to Jessie's sense of justice. He believed all problems could be settled on a basis of pure justice. "Do you think it is quite fair to Shedd?" he asked. He launched the question gently, as though he were releasing an irresistible torpedo. "I mean, are you sure you want to be so unfair and cruel to him? Here's a young man that loves you, Jessie. Evidently you don't love him, but that's no reason for treating him like this—like a dog. I don't think it's right, and someday you won't think it's right, either. Wouldn't it be better to wait a little longer and think it over?"

Edna began again. "I never heard a word against Benny Shedd in my life. I don't believe anybody in Shelby ever heard a word against him. Even she can't say anything bad about him, Paul. That's why she's going to run away without telling him. Oh! She'll do it, Paul, if we don't stop her. She doesn't care what people in Shelby will say about her, or how much it will hurt the folks. She only cares about her own sweet little self."

Jessie's cheeks began to color. "You've said enough, Edna. It's time you kept your mouth shut."

"I'm not going to keep my mouth shut. I'm going to tell you what I think of you and your little dude."

Jessie's eyes glittered. "That's right, Edna, butt in. Butt into somebody else's business. You always did spend your time that way, never tending to your own affairs. No wonder your husband died of neglect. He must be happy in his grave. I sure would be if I had to live with a woman like you for two years. Don't think I don't know you, old girl. I know how you used to spend your time gadding around, leaving your sick husband at home with the baby; and the house—I swear to God I never saw a house so messy, Paul, as her house used to be. And now she's come to live on the folks, and mother has to take care of the baby, weak as mother is."

Edna gasped. Her stooped shoulders trembled with outrage and anger, and through her gold-rimmed spectacles her mild eyes blazed. "Don't listen to her, Paul! Don't listen to her telling lies about me. I leave it to Paul. He knows you, old kid. The whole county knows you. You're lazy, you've always been lazy. Lazy and—and wild. You've always been haywired. Paul knows what kind of a reputation you've got around Shelby, and so does Benny Shedd. Honest to God I don't know how he could stand you."

Her anger quickly burned out, and she began to weep, her fragile body crumbling, while her dynamic sister stood blazing triumphant wrath. Paul remained silently aloof.

"That's right," Jessie taunted, "Bawl like a baby. You always were a cry-baby and a weak one."

Edna put her hands to her face, uttering a moan of agony. She was almost beside herself. "Paul, I can't stand it. She can't go on like this, spoiling everybody's life. I'm going to telephone Dad—yes I am. I'm going to tell him everything."

"Sure, I knew you would," yelled Jessie, as Edna fled huddled through the door of the living room.

There was a strained silence in the kitchen. Edna could be heard shrieking into the telephone, and then

sobbing hysterically as she waited for the number. In the unreal stillness Paul gazed around, trying to find firm and familiar objects to bring him back to the world he had known. He felt himself terribly outraged. and despite everything his judicial poise was giving way to a wild wave of resentment against Jessie. She still stood defiant, with her back braced against the sink, but their concerted nagging had fretted her visibly. She also suffered from knowing her position had been weakened by the tirade against Edna.

The telephone rang. They listened to Edna's frenzied monologue, and then heard the stinging, rasping sound which they knew was Uncle Alfred's harsh and ugly voice.

Edna returned to the kitchen. "He says if that bitch does a trick like that by God I'll blast her in the face if she ever comes on my porch, and by God he will, too."

Jessie strained her body until it was rigid.

"Jessie," said Paul, before she could speak, "I think your father is right. I think you are a little bitch. You ought to have your face slapped for talking to your sister the way you have been. You don't care about anybody but yourself. You don't care how Benny Shedd will be hurt and laughed at. You never did love him ; you never loved anybody. I don't even think you love Rodney. You know he's rich, and he's a good match, and you are so scared you will lose him that you won't even wait long enough to be decent to the fellow who has loved you more than two years. I don't know but by Lord he is well rid of you, whether he knows it or not."

Jessie's defiance was gone. "That's right," she cried, "Do your damndest, both of you, to ruin my life!" Then she added pleadingly, "Please, please leave me alone!"

"Will you wait until you have thought it over a little while?"

She looked forlorn and harrassed. "I tell you I have thought it over. I tell you Uncle Doctor knows I am going to get married."

"Maybe," said Paul, "But if he knows, why did you

wait until he went out of town, before you eloped?"

Jessie did not answer, but turned half away from them. "Why?"

She turned farther away, and began to weep softly. "I tell you I've got to get married."

Paul was not to be misled by her weeping. "Come on, Jessie, talk sense," he demanded. "What do you mean 'got to get married' today, and not tomorrow or next week?"

Her weeping grew more abandoned. "I tell you," she said, between sobs, "Uncle Doctor says I've got to get married."

When Edna heard this, she put her hand again over her heart, and looked for something to lean against. "I knew it, Paul I knew it!" she wailed. "I told you there was something mysterious about this. I've always said it. I've always said every day of my life she would disgrace us someday."

Paul stared at Jessie searchingly. "I don't believe it," he said roughly. "I think she is bluffing; that's why she wants to elope today. She is trying to stick Rodney, and somebody ought to tell him so."

At this Jessie looked around at him wildly, and then broke into a fit of convulsive sobs of denial.

Her sobbing frightened Paul. He had not expected to make her cry like that. A sense of guilt pierced the shield of righteousness he wore.

"I'm sorry I said that, Jessie, but if it isn't true, tell me. Tell me the truth."

She continued to sob.

He went over and put his hand on her shoulder. "Tell me, Jessie. Tell me the truth."

She did not answer. Suddenly she straightened herself, shaking his hand from her shoulder, and stared wildly at him. "There's only one thing to do," she cried, "And I'll do it."

She rushed from the room.

Paul looked dazedly a moment at Edna.

"Where's she gone?" demanded Edna, alarmed. "Where's she gone, Paul? Watch her! Oh! Lord of Heaven, watch her, Paul."

Fear came to Paul like a flash. "The revolver in the spare room!"

He stood weakly, unable to overcome the sick feeling that attacked his stomach. Then he recovered, and ran from the room, leaping the stairs three at a time. Jessie was just going into the spare room. She had almost closed the door when he thrust his hand out to arrest it. She struggled, but he slowly forced it open, and as she released it, she threw herself full length on the bed and resumed her sobbing.

On the bedstand was the revolver, an old-fashioned long-barrelled Colt 32. It was ugly and sinister, and to Paul's distrait eyes it seemed like the weapons one meets in dreams. He looked at it, and down at her form, outlined against the white counterpane. Then he stared at the pictures on the wall, and breathed the fresh unused smell of the room, and felt the Fall wind curl round his ankles coolly. He was glad and thankful, and full of gigantic compassion.

Her form drew him, and he sat down on the edge of the bed, putting his arms over her shoulders, and his face against her hot cheek, and began to comfort her.

Edna appeared in the doorway. At sight of the revolver she collapsed in a chair. Paul was oblivious of her. He was absorbed in Jessie, in her warm and living presence. He whispered encouraging words in her ear, and scolded her for taking things so seriously.

"Come on, Jessie, quit crying," he pleaded "Come, get up. You've only got time enough to dress and go to the station."

He kept on coaxing and pleading, and gradually her sobbing diminished in volume, until finally she allowed herself to be half-lifted from the bed and led to her room.

She came out of the room half-an-hour later, carrying a new travelling bag. She wore a blue serge suit, trimmed

round the collar with white. It fitted her like a uniform, setting off her strong and wilful figure. Her face was flushed and her eyes a little red, but she was radiant.

Paul was waiting downstairs. "I'll walk with you to the station," he said.

"Oh! Good!" she agreed. "I will tell everybody I am going on a business trip, and you can back me up."

Edna was sitting on the windowledge, looking through her little spectacles at the glorious day. "Goodbye, Jessie," she said, weakly. "It's your own life, go ahead and do what you want. Only I don't know what will come of all this. I am sure something awful will happen, after what Dad said on the 'phone. Honest he is sure to do something terrible, Jessie."

Jessie pulled on her gloves. "He ought to be proud of me when I am Mrs. Smith," she answered. "If he isn't, there is something wrong with him."

They went down the cement steps and along the sidewalk toward town. Edna watched them from the window. Paul carried the bag, swinging it gravely, as his father carried his medicine case. Jessie walked with a quick, nervous gait. Leaves were sailing down from the trees, and butterflies preceded them in gentle turnings. All was peaceful beneath the bland prairie sky.

At the station they stood answering questions from curious people. "Yes, only for a day or two, on business." "No, I'm not going to Lincoln now. University does not open for a month." The train whistled; it came round the bend; it roared down to a stop. He carried the bag into the car, and said goodbye.

She watched him going with his grave and dignified walk down the street. The she forgot him, and leaned back against the seat with a warm and expectant and indolent desire; and through the refrain of her thoughts, tumblingly hot and pleasant, she felt the movement of the train as it started on its journey to Lincoln.

# STOCKTAKING

*Towards a Re-Valuation of English Literature,*

by Daniel Chaucer.

## IX.

## THE SERIOUS BOOK

*(continued)*

Let us for a moment consider how the mind of the Naturalist works. What follows is from the pen of Samuel Smiles, the words being taken down from the dictation of Thomas Edward but put—Heaven knows why—into indirect narration. Thomas Edward, the cobbler, "who never earned more than eighteen shillings a week," and on that brought, well-clothed and educated a large family, had made a large collection of "Preserved Animals, comprising Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Insects, Shells, Eggs and other curiosities". This Collection, made in the neighbourhood of Banff, at night since he had by day to work for his master, stuffed and cased by his own hands, he exhibited during Brandon feeing fair in Banff, in a house he took for the purpose—thinking to "improve his circumstances." This was in 1845 when he was 31.

"In preparing for the exhibition of his Collection Edward brushed up his specimens and cleaned his cases, before removing them to the Trades Hall. But in looking over his Collection he found that he had suffered a serious loss... Some time

before he had put nearly 2,000 dried and preserved plants into a box which he had placed at the top of the stair in order to be out of harm's way... They were the result of eight years' labour employed in collecting them. But when he went to overhaul the box, he found that the lid had been shoved to one side and that numerous cats had entered it and made it their lair. The plants were completely soaked. The box smelt so abominably that he was under the necessity of making a bonfire of it in the back-yard".

He had also "twenty glazed boxes containing 916 insects". When he went to catalogue them he found that the boxes "were all empty. They contained nothing but the pins which had held the insects, with here and there a head, a leg or a wing". The work of mice.

Nevertheless the Exhibition was a success and Edward removed it to the large city of Aberdeen. Here no-one visited it and Edward was on the point of bankruptcy, an intolerable prospect for this absolutely honest, peasant-minded man. This is his account of his solution of the difficulty.

"The afternoon was far advanced. His dinner, which had been brought to him an hour before still lay untasted. He was pacing up and down the apartment, pondering over his miserable condition, when his father entered. Edward was looking so agitated that the old man enquired "what ailed him". He said he was going out, and went towards the door, fearing lest his wife or any of his children should appear. His father stepped between him and the door, remonstrating with him and saying he was not fit to go out in such a state. But a woman entering attracted his father's attention and Edward was thus allowed to slip away unobserved.

"Edward rushed down Union Street on his way to the sands. At first he thought of going to the Dee at the Craiglug ; but he bethought himself that it would be better to go to the sea-shore where it might bethought his death was accidental. From the time of his leaving the shop in Union Street until about four hours after, when he recovered his senses, his memory remained almost a complete blank. He had a vague idea of crossing the links and seeing some soldiers at the foot of the Broadhill... He remembered however the following circumstances :

"He had thrown off his hat, coat, and waistcoat when a flock of sanderlings lit upon the sands near him. They attracted his attention. They were running to and fro, some piping their low shrill whistle, whilst others were probing the wet sand

with their bills as the waves receded. But amongst them was another bird, larger and darker and apparently of different habits to the others... They rose and flew away ; he followed them... at length he was stopped by Don mouth. When he recovered his consciousness, he was watching the flock of birds flying away to the farther side of the river...

"He found himself divested of his hat, coat and vest and he went back to look for them... He found that he had been followed by some people who were watching him. When he returned they followed him until he reached his clothes. And when they saw him dressed and ready to depart they disappeared. Not wishing to cross the links again that night, he turned and went up Don side to the New Bridge and took the road from thence into the town."

I do not quote this as a specimen of prose : in spite of elisions there remains too much of the generalisation of Mr. Smiles : but it is rare to get the mind of the field naturalist really at work ; the soldiers at the foot of Broad hill are valuable!

Let us consider a word or two of prose as prose... Edward sold his Collection, went back penniless to his cobbler's stool ; made More Collections ; learned to read and write ; corresponded with Learned Men and Societies ; had honours bestowed on him, crustaceans named for him.— Is there not even the *Couchia Edwardii*? All this without books and without the afflatus of the Carlyles and the Ruskins. When he was first asked "What made you a Naturalist?" he was completely dumfoundered." What, make a Naturalist as you would make a tradesman! My answer to those who put the question was and still is *I cannot tell.* I never knew of any external circumstance that had anything to do with engendering in my mind the never-ceasing love which I entertained for the works to the Almighty ; so that the real cause must be looked for elsewhere". And he sold his collections to clothe his children ; and old age came and deeper poverty— and another learned honour or so. But : "All my honours", as he puts it, "came to me from a distance. I have kept the museum of the Banff Institution for about twenty one years, for almost nothing ; and though the Linnean

Society thought me worthy of being elected an associate, the people here do not think me worthy of being an honorary member of their Society. Still I am not complaining. The people of Banff had no right to make me a gentleman". And his wife sums him up : "Weel, he took such an interest in beasts that I didna compleen. Shoemakers were then a very drucken set, but his beasts keepit him from them. My man's been a sober man all his life ; and he never negleckit his work. Sae I let him be".

As for the prose? Well, all my life this has seemed to me to be a very beautiful passage, for its simplicity and its cadence.

"As a last and only source" he concludes a sketch of his own life, "I betook myself to my old and time-honoured friend, a friend of fifty years' standing, who has never yet forsaken me, nor refused help to my body when weary, nor rest to my limbs when tired—my well-worn cobber's stool. And here I am still on the old boards, doing what little I can with the aid of my well-worn kit, to maintain myself and my family ; with the certainty that instead of my getting the better of the lapstone and leather, they will very soon get the better of me. And although I am now like a beast tethered to his pasturage, with a portion of my faculties somewhat impaired, I can still appreciate and admire as much as ever the beauties and wonders of Nature, as exhibited in the incomparable works of our adorable Creator" (1).

I may be wrong : one is apt to be, perhaps, when one returns to the favourites of one's extreme youth and finds

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(1) S. Smiles. "Life of a Scotch Naturalist" 1877.
After the publication of this book Thomas Edward received a small pension from the Civil List. I believe he had it at the direct intervention of Queen Victoria who sent for him to Balmoral and, bidding him on account of his age and infirmities, to be seated, remarked to him : "Mr. Edward, you are the only man except Mr. Carlyle who sat whilst I remained standing". I hope that is a true story ; it was told me by either my father or my grandfather both of whom knew Thomas Edward ; but I was a very young child at the time and my mind may well have embroidered the mere granting of a pension on the civil list. If it *be*—and I shall take leave so to consider it—it embodies the finest royal compliment that I know of.

in them all that one had remembered of them. But I think that extremely beautiful prose, the expression of a beautiful, exact and simple personality. And the fact that the prose of Field Naturalists has as a rule those qualities seems to me to point certain lessons.

I have no wish to dogmatise at this point on the nature of Style; it seems to be according to the rule of nature that you should attend to mass before you examine texture. Even in Pablos Alto, or maybe in Santa Fe, where the air is very clear, you see first the form of the horse, and that before you are near enough to perceive that the blue sky is reflected on its shining quarters.

The quality that I—and I hope the Reader—ask of a Style is that at should be as clear and as simple as is consonant with the subject treated. Abstract thought for example will not bear the same simplicity of statement as concrete storytelling where the necessity is to get a situation in quickly and there is no strain on the mind. When writing an Essay on History in the abstract it is bad writing to say:

> "There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a fresman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent.
>
> "Of the works of this mind history is the record. Its genius is illustrated by the entire series of days. Man is explicable by nothing less than all his history..."

That would be all very well in a short story by Maupassant, though he would have more mercy on his reader; but it is simply bad art when it is the first paragraph and three sentences of a volume 538 pages in length. It was I think Carlyle who said that it was like a discharge of buckshot. Carlyle was never kind to his best friends

and at his wrongest as a rule in being kind to them, but he was right enough in that.

And, from our point of view, this discharge of rattling platitudes is nonsense, and pernicious nonsense at that. It would be as sweeping, and much more true to say: Man is explicable by his imaginative literature alone. The man who has read the whole of written history and all the Essays about it knows nothing of man. Let him read the *Book of Job*. Man is explicable by nothing less!

For of a truth, if you had examined the whole of Wiltshire with a microscope, going over the whole county your eyes two inches from the ground, you would know less of that region than the Reader—who has probably never been in and not improbably never heard of the Downs—will know after reading Mr. Hudson's little story. To reverse the dictum I will say that I knew more of the United States before visiting it after I had read the little books of Mr. Burroughs the naturalist than after some week's study devoted to Professor Woodrow Wilson's voluminous history of that country—and more of the sort of place Walden would be than after reading Thoreau twice or so. That may be a matter of personal idiosyncracy; but human nature being what on the whole it is will gain more insight from a little flash cast on an immense subject than from an infinite wilderness of generalisations drawn from what are called Quellen.

That is a fact. I can't help it. It might be in the abstract better—though I don't know why it should!—if humanity read Emerson to obtain insight into the minds of their fellows. But they certainly do not in the vast, vast, vast majority. They will read *Huckleberry Finn* some; some the works of Mr. Hudson; some the *Life of a Scotch Naturalist*; some, according to taste, the more vivid, the more accurate or the more sensational reports in the daily papers, of murder, adultery, sudden deaths or heroic rescues. Few I think will deny that, if some deplore. But our business is not with lamentations; our little affair is to discover what man really likes in books.

When we have discovered that we shall know what Literature is. After that the Reader, dropping this pilot, may go on to the improvement of his fellows.

Almost alone, then, amongst the writers of Serious Books the Field Naturalist from Hudson back to Aristole may be fairly well trusted to keep to his work of earnest observation and lucid rendering. It may be replied that he is fortunate, because that is his job. Well, he is fortunate and that is his job ; but more than that goes to the making him—conscience that lets him leave well alone. Supposing that Mr. Hudson instead of going about in the fields and thinking his thoughts had been filled with a passion for reforming the habits of the Robin Redbreast! For the robin is a cruel devil ; invariably he beats out the brains of his aged father, not unusually devouring them too.

I suppose the robin could be reformed ; we might train great numbers of bird-catchers to remove all fledgling robins from their nests, retaining them in captivity till all the fathers died in the ordinary way. But it would be a difficult job.

Far more difficult is the job of that House Naturalist, the writer of "serious" books : he desires as a rule to reform Man a task as easy as that of teaching the wind to blow always in one direction. It might be set about ; but it can only be set about reasonably and with modesty by gentlemen who have made some study of their fellow men. For the purpose of this fascicile on the Serious Book I have, for a number of years now, passed the greater part of my reading time over such works—a practice I had abandoned since the time of my late childhood. And I have been much struck by the recurrence in the most unrelated philosophers, the most antagonistic biographers, the most unharmonizing historians, of one Sentiment. That Sentiment is always expressed more or less epigramatically according to the genius of the writer. You find it—to limit it to works in our immediate purview of the moment—in Boswell's Johnson, apropos

of nothing ; in Boscoe, apropos of the quarrels of Platonists and Aristotelians ; and — apropos of Carlyle, for I do not think that in Carlyle himself you find it succinctly expressed —you find it in Emerson's *Essays*, in James Anthony Froude who had the unenviable job of editing the Carlylean remains of all sorts, in the study of Carlyle by Dr. Garnett who hated Froude for the way in which he discharged his task ; and in the *Thomas Carlyle* by John Nichol, L. L. D., M. A., Halliol, Oxon, Emeritus Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow who lets Froude down easily but, publishing in 1892, dislikes everyone else who before him has got in with a Life or a Study of Carlyle. The Sentiment then is this : "*The highest function of the Philosopher* (a term embracing all writers of Serious Books) *is to promote the Higher Happiness of humanity* : (Professor Nichol, L. L. D., M. A., Balliol, Oxon naturally styles this the "Summum bonum") *unfortunately no man has yet settled in what the Highest Happiness of Man consists.*" And Messrs. Froude, Garnett and Nichol unite in saying that of all men in the world the subject of their pens was least likely to settle this.

Faced with this seeming unanimity of a number of the high priests of the Serious, we, creeping more humbly between their mighty legs, may find some millet seeds of truth. And one truth would seem to be this, that humanity likes to be pleased. That is a truism that is not very often stated. Let us advance one step more along the perilous way and say that humanity is more surely improved by being pleased than it by being Improved. Put in a purely literary way that is to say that any given man is rendered more of a "better man" when he has read Mr. Hudson's non-moralised vignette of the rook-scarer alone on the downs than after reading the definitely—moralised criticisms of Carlyle on John Keats :

> 'The kind of man he was gets ever more horrible to me. Force of hunger for pleasure of every kind and want of all other force. Such a structure of soul, it would once have been very evident, was a chosen "Vessel of Hell".'

But indeed some philosopher of the commonplace has said that when he is happy man is more merciful to his fellow man than when he is unfortunate—and it hardly needs a philosopher to arrive at that conclusion. Improvement, then, consisting largely in such processes as will make man more merciful and more comprehending of his fellow man, it follows that, if we desire to improve our fellows, we, with our special subject of study, shall most certainly arrive at that goal by making man happy through writing.

Herbert thought to bring about an earthly millennium by writing

> "A servant with this clause
> Makes drudgery divine;
> Who sweeps a room as for thy cause
> Makes that and the action fine".

On the other hand you may hear—I have heard!—Trade Union Leaders denouncing that very verse as the devil's charter of the capitalist employer—and relatively conservative Trade Unionists at that... And so it is! But that is really none of our business. What *we* have to remember is that in all the welter of conflicting opinions the Philosopher has lost his hold on the world nearly as completely as the priest and though the Newspaper has come amazingly into its own the Newspaper has done that only since it abandoned the great moral tone and the sustained political purpose. Indeed we may say that, paradoxically, the newspaper loses influence as it gains subscribers; or to put it more exactly that the periodicals with the smaller circulations are those that still exercise relatively lasting influences on the minds of their readers. I should say that in England such a paper as the *Morning Post* had in the end a great deal more influence than the London *Daily Mail*; and that still in America periodicals of the class of the *North American Review* are more likely to "get things done"—large things—than daily papers with large circulations like the *New York American*.

That only means that in Anglo-Saxondom the Instructed Class—the More Select Classes with the more refined poetic imaginations!—have, still, greater political aptitudes and knowledges of how wires are pulled than has the immense welter of *Hommes moyen sensuels*. The immense popular paper is the serious book of this class; and, whilst it has the advantage of being infinitely better done than the immense body of portentous-minded volumes it suffers from the same weaknesses the moment it leaves the rendering of minute human vicissitudes in skilful language and takes to being moralist. It can cause immense popular landslides by crying out "Scandal! Scandal! Treachery! Treachery!"; it can make a whole population take to eating boiled rhubarb leaves. But they do not do so for long. On the moral side of things it exactly resembles the Serious Book, its effects being only more rapid and sooner over.

The fields remain. That is not only a profound political truth—the profoundest political truth of all but a metaphor useful to ourselves. It is a way of saying that Aristotle, the supreme naturalist, has outlasted a wilderness of generalisers—including the generaliser Aristotle himself; it is a way of saying that the minute observers, Herbert, who wrote "The man that looks on glass", Herrick who wrote: "Ponder this when I am gone; by my clock, tis almost one"; and Walton who during showers gave instructions in fly-fishing and after they were over quoted holy Mr. Herbert—all these writers of serious books that were yet pure literature have survived a boundless wilderness of sermons from bishops, non-jurors and tinkers! And they have survived themselves when their preachers' gowns were on.

In other words humanity—such humanity as reads Herrick, Herbert and Walton reads them for the passages in which, their beautiful minds and pious powers of patiently observing aiding them, they have rendered beautiful, small humanisms. The mind—even the mind of the sceptic—will pass over Thomas Edward's saying: "the

incomparable works of our adorable Creator". And for myself I like it, assonance and all ; it seems to me a beautiful and a touching phrase. And indeed there is in humanity a passion for moralising : it is impossible to write without it : you may suppress if trom your text, but at bottom it will be there. And, as long as your morality is your own instinctive morality, humanity will tolerate it, though it be as old as Solomon's. No one would be "choked off" reading the works of Law if all Law's sermons were compact of passages like that about the unjust mother in law.

But the point about the field naturalist is that he provides, really, the newspaper of the earth—the chronicles of the little murders, the little escapes, the little fashions in dress, the little loves, courtships, births marriages and deaths of the beasts of the fields, or of the workers on the soil!

# THE MAKING OF AMERICANS

by Gertrude Stein.

## VI

All of his children had each mixed up in them the father, important to himself in his religion, and the mother, with her almost important feeling, with her constant trickling crying that made her have inside her her almost important feeling. She with the way it came from within her this almost important feeling that she had inside her, could have a power with all who knew her. She was not like her husband with his important feeling giving power only with them like his little children who were shut up with him.

The children had many ways of having the father and the mother mixed up to make them. One of them, as I was saying, the eldest of them, was stubborn and gloomy, and hard in her religion, and it gave her power with her children but it was not perfect to give her her own important feeling as religion had been to her father to give him the important feeling that was all him. In her own being she was not all there was of religion, she as a woman had hard ways that gave her power, not from her religion but from her power as a woman, as any one can have it by using the hard ways everybody has inside them, and so she was less in religion, she had no toleration, she was hard stubborn and gloomy in religion, and always she made it stonger by her power as a woman, and so she

had not the greatness in her that her father had who made her, and she had not the almost greatness in her that the mother had arising inside her with the dreary tricking crying that was all her.

And so in each one the father and the mother were variously mixed up in them. Some of them had it in them as an almost important feeling like Fanny Hissen who with this way of having it as a beginning, the almost important feeling that the mother had with her dreary trickling, had it brought to a real beginning of a really important feeling by the knowing old Mrs. Shiller and her daughter Sophie Shiller and her other daughter Pauline Shiller and then in her later living cut off from a lively sense of being part of the right foreign American being which was for her the natural way of living she got it more and more then from her servants and governesses and seamstresses and dependants and the for her poor queer kind of people that she had around her in this later living in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living, she got it from her power with them, being as she was with them of them, and from her position and her dignity of Hissen living always above them. From these ways that her later living in that part of Gossols away from where the other rich people were living gave to her, in this later living there came to her a kind of importance of herself inside her that was nearly an individual kind of feeling and this was what gave to her family later when she came to pay visits to them out of the far west to them, gave them a sense as if she were almost a princess for them, out of from them, belonging to them, having a different feeling of herself inside her from any other one of them. Not that this was, in her, in any sense the complete thing of being important to herself inside her, it was only more marked in her than any other of them had found it from the natural way of living it had come to all the rest of them to be leading.

It was not different in her from the rest of them in one important thing. It was mixed up in her with the stubborn

feeling the not having the complete important feeling that the father had from being all there was of religion gave to all of them who had a little of him in them.

All of them, as they had more or less of him in them, had it as a stubborn feeling, for none of them had it as a complete thing as he had had it inside him, and with the eldest of them, as I was saying, she who had most of the religion, with her it was a hard gloomy stubborn feeling and so this eldest one who had as much important feeling as the Fanny who had lived away from them and then had had in her come this for them important thing, this eldest of them although she was a power to all the rest of them by reason of the important feeling they knew inside her for them, was never a princess to them, she had not the gentleness and generous dignity that won them, as their other sister had for them, she who had had made to her the important feeling of herself inside her by the being away from all of them, away from the natural way of living for them.

Then there were others of them who had all the sweetness in them that had turned to dreary trickling in the mother who had born all them, and one of those who had this sweetness in her dignity and gentleness and generous ways and so was a power to them was the one that the father lived with after his dreary wife had died away and left them.

With these who had sweetness in them, with those who had changed into sweetness the dreary trickling of the mother that had born them, many of them, strongest in them after the sweetness and gentle dignity that made them, had it as the strongest thing inside them to be hurt not angry when any bad thing happened to them, they would be hurt then and always all of these, the sweetest of them, had in them some of the stubborness that not being the complete thing as their father had been was sure to put into them.

In some of them the mixing of the trickling and the stubbornness inside them came to make an angry feeling

that came in flashes from them, in some of them it came to make a suspicious feeling inside them that made it hard for them to trust in women or in men, and always, as I was saying, the father and the dreary mother were very variously mixed up in each one of them.

As I was saying, one of them who even more than Fanny Hissen had the almost important feeling that the mother had inside her with her constant trickling crying that was always rising in her, this one came to have it even more in her, came to have it almost really in her by an individual kind of thinking that arose of itself inside her. She had the gentle tenderness in her that made constant dreary trickling in her mother, and it came all from inside her, and she had no stubborn ways in her, she was pure as the sweetest ones of those around her those who had turned to sweetness the dreariness of their mother, and she had not stubborness inside her, she had only from her father the thinking that had made him for himself to be all there was of power. And this one of the Hissen women came very near to winning, came very near to seeing, came very nearly making of herself to herself a really individual being. She was a little not strong enough in keeping going, and so with her it came only to being a very nearly really important feeling of herself to herself inside her. And she was the nearest any of them ever came to winning.

There were very many of them and each one, of course, had his or her own individual way of feeling, thinking, and of doing, and with all of them the father and the mother were variously mixed up in them, and with some of them it was more the father and it made sometimes a stubborn feeling to be the most important thing inside them after the family that made all them and sometimes this the stubborn feeling met in them with the other things they had within them and sometimes them it was a sharp bright angry feeling that was strongest in them after the family way that had made all of them, and these then would have a stubborn or an angry feeling when anything happened

to any one of them. And then in some of them it was the dreary mother that was strongest in them and they had a sweetness in them and these then would have hurt feelings in them and very often with them then, there mouths would be drooping and these would then be hurt not angry when any bad thing happened to them. And sometimes there was a mixing up of all these ways together in them.

But mostly all of them were cheerful hopeful contented men and women, mostly they lived without ambition or excitement but they were each in their little circle joyful in the present. Mostly they lived and died in mildness and contentment.

David Hersland married Fanny Hissen. He took her out to Gossols with him. He married her in Bridgepoint where her family had always been living. David Hersland had been there visiting a sister who had settled there with her husband who was making a very good living. David Hersland was a young man then but already he had made by himself enough money to support him and a wife and children. And now it had come to him to go west to Gossols where he was to make a great fortune. And so it was right for his sister at this time to arrange a marriage for him. The idea of going to Gossols was just beginning in him. Perhaps marrying might keep him from going, any way it would be good for him to have a good wife to go to Gossols with him.

He met Fanny Hissen and she was pleasing to him. It was arranged by his sister that this young woman was to be married to him. They married soon after the first meeting and then they mixed up their two natures in them and then through them there came the three children, Martha, Alfred, and David, and these three are of them who are to be always in this history of us young grown men and women to us. In the history of them we will be always ourselves and our friends inside them for so we know them those who are for us always young grown men and women to us even when they are of the age of

children or later grown old men and women. Always they are us and we them and so always they are for us young grown men and women.

In the slow history of three of those who are to be always in this history of us young grown men and women to us in the slow history of Martha, Alfred and David Hersland, of how they came each one to have their kind of important individual feeling inside in them, in this slow history of them the thing that we have as a beginning is the history of Fanny Hissen and David Hersland, of their living marrying and their important feeling, and so now we leave the rest of the Hissen living and begin with Fanny and David Hersland and their marrying and then we go on with the important feeling that was always in him and the important feeling and its beginning in her with the new kind of living, and then in her later living how she came to be so strong in this important feeling that when she came back to Bridgepoint to visit the rest of them, the Hissens who had led the for them natural way of living, she was then a kind of princess to them. They did not know, any of them, what it was that made her so different from them. It was only her kind of feeling, rich ways and simple and expensive clothing and far western living could never give them the sense of her being as a princess to them, it was that she had in her, from her way of living that was not the natural way of living for her, it was from this living that had come to her and from the mother who had been begun again inside her that she had come to have a small almost important feeling of herself her.

This made her different from the others of them. Only the eldest of them had it as a power in her, an important feeling of herself inside her, and they all could not bear it from her for she had no sweetness toward them in her. But all this history of her will come later. Now David Hersland is to be married to her and she is to leave her family feeling all behind her.

Later there will be more talking of the natural Hissen

way of living. Later when the Hersland children have grown to be ready to begin their later living then we will know more of some of them, of some of the Hissen family in the, for them natural way of living, of what it is in each one of them that makes him different from the others of them, even though they have not ever inside in them a really individual feeling. The mixture in them of the father who was to himself all there was of living and the dreary mother who had almost an important feeling was different in every one of them.

Later Alfred and David came to know them the gentle cheerful Hissen men and women. Alfred later lived with some of them. When he came to college he stayed with them and later he was there near them when he was married to Julia Dehning. And then David stayed with some of them and always he was puzzling himself and them and no one of them could help him, but they all were kind and listened to him, he was puzzling in him every day to find out what it was that could make life worth his living. Martha Hersland never came to see them, she had her trouble far from all of them and then she went out of her trouble back to Gossols and so she never saw them.

In American teaching marrying is just living but that is not enough for marrying. Loving is alright is a beginning but then there is marrying and that is very different. In many towns there are many in each generation, decent well to do men, who keep on in their daily living and never come to any marrying. They all do a little loving. Everybody sometime does a little loving. It takes more for marrying, sometimes it needs a sister of the man to make his marrying, sometimes the mother of the girl who is to be married to him. Mostly it is not the mother of the man nor any sister who has not already then a husband and children who makes marriages for them. Mostly for marrying it takes a sister of the man, one who had already for herself a husband and children or a mother of the girl who is to be married to him. This is not so when

they are young, the man and woman, and both are lively in the feeling of loving. It is so when the man has come to be fixed in his way of living, when he finds it pleasant to go on as he is doing. It is then that it is not enough to feel a little loving, it takes then his sister, or the girl herself if she is strong to do the work for winning, or a mother of the girl, to get the man really ripe for marrying.

The American teaching is very well for young people or for poor ones or for those who are strong in a sense of loving, who have a lively sense of wanting, who have strongly the instinct for mating, but for most of them the well to do, comfortable men and women, it takes more to make a marriage for them, it takes others who are strong to help them, who have strongly inside them the need that all the world keep on going, who have strongly inside them the sense of the right way of living. Mostly those who have a strong sense inside them of the right way of living, of having all the world going on to marrying are the sisters of the men, they who have already then for themselves a man and children, and the mothers of the girls who are to be married to the men, and sometimes it happens that the mother of the man has strongly inside her this sense of right doing, those mothers who are not strong in jealous feeling whose sons are not as lovers to them, and this is the way it happens to almost all the comfortable well to do men and women and the American tradition makes us lie about them and mostly in our writing there are none of these ordinary, good enough, comfortable, well to do men and women.

American teaching says it is all loving but all who know many families of women, all who know comfortable well to do men with a regular way of living know that it is all mostly lying that ways it is loving that is strong to make a beginning, they need a sister who has already for herself her own man and children or a girl who is strong to make for herself her own winning or the mother of the girl who is to be married to him. It takes one and sometimes even all three of them and with it a fair amount

of loving to make the marrying of well to do men and women. Loving is good but it has to be a very lively sense inside him to make it enough for a well to do man to get married to a woman. Loving is good, and the girl has to be pleasing to him, but it needs coaxing, arranging, flattering, flattering teasing, urging, a little good tempered irritated forcing, or else the man will forget all about his living. It is so easy to forget a little loving. And then he must see her very often and when he is drifting he must be brought back out of his forgetting. And it is right that they should do this for him else how would there be the right kind of marrying, how would there come to be existing the decent, honest enough, comfortable men and women that never get in the American tradition any recognition. But they are always in the world existing these decent well to do men and women, with the not very lively sense in them of loving and their easy forgetting, and these are the women, they are always existing, they who have inside them strongly the right feeling of how the world was in its beginning and how it must keep on going. And so there is the right kind of marrying and decent well to do fathers and good mothers are always existing who have a decent loyal feeling of the right kind of loving and they have their children and so they keep on going and decent respectable well to do comfortable good people are all of them. This business of marrying and loving is very different with the very young, or poor or with quite old men, with all of these loving is strong inside them, they are not so peaceable with their forgetting, they are quicker with marrying than comfortable grown well to do young men.

They are many families of women and the men find some in each one of them pleasing, and then the men go drifting, doing a little loving and then a little forgetting, and then restarting, until they get so strongly the feeling of loving. If they have the right kind of helping, that they come to have so strongly in them the feeling of loving that then it is an effort for them to begin again with their

forgetting, and then they are ripe for marrying, and one of the family of women has him and marrying contents them and they have the right kind of living for them and everything keeps on as it was in the beginning. It is the truth that I have been telling. David Hersland's sister Martha arranged his marriage for him. She was right to arrange a marriage for him. David had made enough money to support himself and a wife and children. Going to the far west was just beginning to work in him. Perhaps marrying might keep him from going, anyway it would be good for him to have a good wife to go to Gossols with him.

Martha, David Hersland's sister who arranged his marriage for him, had been married five years to a decent good man who had settled in Bridgepoint where he was making for himself a very good living. They had two children.

Martha was one of the two Hersland women who had done very well in marrying. She had an important feeling and this was like the father's feeling in religion, and she was like her mother in her way of keeping on strongly when she had made a beginning, and she always made a beginning whenever it was right for her to do so for her feeling. She was the best one of all of them to arrange a marriage for a brother who needed to have a good wife to go out to Gossols with him.

Martha was very like her father. She was a small good enough looking woman with blue eyes and with a manner that was not very unpleasing. She was like her father because she loved to be important, but with her it was not in religion. She was different from him because she loved to be doing. She loved to be important by the doing of all the things that were right to do to her feeling. One of these things was the marrying her brother so that he would have a good wife to follow him and serve him.

She thought a great deal about it and she did a good deal of talking and at last she decided to choose Fanny Hissen.

*(To be continued.)*

# CHRONIQUES

## I

## UNITED STATES

*New York, Autumn.*

PHILANTHROPY.

"I have carried a secret about our friend," ran the gist of the clergyman's story, "which I have never been able to reveal until now. He asked me never to tell it while he was alive.

"When he was making his second start in life, so he told me, he knelt in an empty room in his new factory, and he told God that he wanted to take Him into partnership; that one tenth of all the earnings should go to Him; and that he would use the money in all his business ventures as if it were God's money.

"That was the secret of his life," said the clergyman.

Then, at last, the bankers and the other furniture manufacturers and his friends and associates knew why this man had given away money even while he was borrowing it.

From that day, so they tell you in Tulsa, Charles Page "tithed," and more than "tithed."

"Charlie" Page has been working with "God's money" ever since.

His luck at striking oil has been phenomenal; there is a tradition in the oil fields of the country that "Charlie" Page never misses a "hole". Where he drills oil comes, they say. You cannot get Page to talk about his "partnership"; it is his own private affair. But once he told a friend, in speaking of his success at drilling:

"I think I've missed only two holes in my life. You see, I couldn't miss, because I was in partnership, with the Big Fellow and He made geology."

That the man who takes God into honest, square partnership cannot get into financial trouble, or any other very deep trouble, is "Charlie" Page's belief. A Bishop went to see him one time, they tell you in Tulsa; the church needed money. Not much

of "Charlie" Page's money goes into cnurches, I am told ; they say he is a little impatient with churches that are in financial need ; he cannot understand it. The Bishop seated himself, at Page's invitation, but before the Bishop could say a word Page looked him square in the eye and said, simply :

"Bishop, do you tithe?"

"Why, I give my entire time to the church," was the answer

"Yes, I know," answered Page. "I understand that. But do you tithe?"

The Bishop admitted that he did not. The story in Tulsa goes that the Bishop's effort was not a success.

"It is faith," one eminent psychologist explained. "Faith gives confidence."

Another said, "I will not attempt to explain the belief of the tithers on materialistic grounds. No one can say that there is not something mystic about their success. I am a Christian myself and I believe that God takes care of His children."

*From the article "Men Who Tithe" in the July* 1924 World's Work.

POLITICS :

It was on an occasion when Harding was in this serious mood of high responsibility that he said—I quote from memory :

"You know, when a man becomes President of the United States, he sees things differently. All the time during the campaign I didn't give much thought to the Cabinet, but so far as I thought about it at all I took it for granted that when a man is made President he gives the Cabinet jobs to his friends. I thought of that as one of the pleasures of the prize, so far as I thought about it at all. I supposed that I would look about among the party leaders and select ten of them that I had worked with and that were friends of mine. I sort of thought that was all there was to making a Cabinet. But after I became President I saw you can't do it that way ; and, the fact is, for several days now I have been engaged in the heartbreaking business of crossing one friend of mine after another off the list of people I had expected to put in my Cabinet.

"I realize now you can't select your Cabinet on the basis of personal friendships. Certainly you can't pick all of it on that basis. I don't know when I have had such painful experiences as crossing off men I am fond of—men I am under obligations to. I hate it, but I realize that a man must pick his Cabinet on a different basis. You take —. Everybody thinks I'm going to have him in my Cabinet. He thinks it himself. The papers talk about it. He expects it. It'll break his heart not to be in. It breaks my heart not to take him in. But you know I can't do that. I'm to be President of the United States now. I have the responsibility on me. I can't make up

a Cabinet to manage the United States on that basis. You can see I can't do that."

*From the article "Who Leads the Republicans" in the July* 1924 World's Work.

Sir : The English, French, Germans and Spanish who came to America in the early days acted on the assumption that the country did not belong to the Indians, who were already here. The European and other immigrants of recent decades have acted on a similar assumption—America does not belong to Americans.

In your editorial on the making of an American nation, I think you underestimate the importance of the racial element in the disunity of mind that now afflicts this country. We are becoming less and less like-minded because of it. We are becoming less and less capable of "reconstructing the moral and social ideal upon the realization of which they (the American people) must depend for the conservation and the increase of their national unity."

It is easy to sneer at American traditions and ideals, and even to say that we haven't any. No nation can have them if made up of scores of different, psychologically different races.

The old Americans are getting a little panicky, and no wonder. This response to the situation takes on the aspect of race prejudice. It finds one expression in the Ku Klux Klan and another, and a higher, in hundred percentism. America, Americans and Americanism are being crowded out of America. It is inevitable that there should be silly forms of protest and rebellion. But the Ku Klux Klan and the hundred percenters are fundamentally right from the standpoint of an American unity and destiny. If America is to go anywhere, except to further disunity and destruction, either the still ascendant but hard-pressed racial group that has dominated American life in the past must abdicate in favor of another, or else it must "preserve America for the Americans"—preserve its racial ascendancy, and increase it ; and follow its own lines of social, political and religious life. Some other race than the "Nordics," or "Anglo-Saxons," or "Americans"—loose terms, of course, these are—may be superior ; but that is not the question.

*From an open letter to the editors of the* New Republic, *June* 1924, *signed Raymond Fuller.*

ADVANCE OF ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY IN AMERICA :

All criminals have "a defective affectivity." All cases of "defective affectivity" are the result of a defective lower mind. This means literally that there is a structural defect in the tissues of the lower mind. This defect may be (a) inherited, (b) the physical result of a concussion, or (c) the physical result

of a degenerative disease, like paresis. In probably eighty-nine cases out of every hundred, the defect is inherited. In probably ten cases out of every hundred it is the result of paresis. In probably one case out of a hundred it is the result of an accidental concussion.

Now, what is the meaning of "defective affectivity"? Every human being has two minds—not in any mystical or Freudian sense, but literally—two sets of "gray matter." One is in the upper part of the head, literally "the dome of thought." This is the conscious, reasoning mind—the "cortex". With this group of gray matter we reason that "two and two make four," or *we weigh the relative merits of an open or a closed car for the winter. This is the "thinking" mind.*

*From an article on the Chicago Court* in World's Work, *July* 1924.

RELIGION:

Thoughts about Prayer.

I. Think of God and Heaven, not of the bad thing you are tossing off into the air.
II. Pray if possible out of loyalty to God, for the joy of it, not for results.
III. Do not pray to bring things to pass; pray to see things that are already in the Kingdom.
IV. Do not limit the avenues by which God will answer your prayers. Remember that God's ways of manifesting His love are as uncountable as the stars of the firmament.
V. Do not feel responsible for your prayers, or the answer to them. God alone is the planner and knows best. Love, rejoice, and be thankful for the unfoldment of His plan as you see it.

*Summary of an article by Glenn Clark on "The Soul's Sincere Desire" in* The Atlantic Monthly, *August*, 1924.

I wish that I lived nearer Boston so that I could have a little conversation with you and relate some of the amazing answers to prayer that have come to me in the past two years. When I say that I have had one hundred answers to prayers in the last six months, I am putting it very conservatively.... One unique thing about my experience is that not only do answers come, but in many instances I know beforehand just what way.... Another unique thing about this new method of praying is that I am brought instantly in touch with all knowledge, when the need of that knowledge is apparent, or when the seeker is in earnest and comes to me with faith that I can answer him....

Of course, you understand that I don't pretend that this little method of prayer is the only method or even the best method... I merely put it forth as a combination of 'exercises' that should appeal to this physical-culture age and which, if followed, will bring amazing, miraculous, and marvelous results.

This method releases the self and lets God work. Any other method which does the same is equally good.

*Mr. Clark's letter in the* Atlantic's *justly renowned "Contributor's Column".*

Searching my own heart I think I may add that the "perhaps" of an eternity is one of the reasons why I go to church and keep on trying, but trying unsuccessfully, to lead a Christian life and to believe in what the church teaches.

The odds are so enormously in my favor. A little effort to live cleanly, to do justice, to love mercy, and to apply the golden rule, a few hours at church each week, and a willingness to help when help is needed are such infinitesimally small things to stake against a possible eternity of happiness that I would be a fool not to make the wager. It is a case in which I have nothing to lose and am still a gainer even though I lose.

For in the Atmosphere of the church I find a stimulus which increases my efficiency in work and makes my life happier even though I am not sure that when I sleep I will ever wake again.

*From the article "Why I Go to Church" by an untired business man in* World's Work, *July*, 1924.

Collected by Lois Walker.

## II

## PARIS LETTER

*Paris, Early Autumn.*

Rodolphe Darzens, sportsman et poète, donnait hier une excellente définition des États-Unis : « Un pays où il est défendu de boire, d'aimer, et d'être nègre. »

Darzens prenait la défense du boxeur argentin Luis Firpo, qui fut l'objet de brimades fort américaines pour être venu à New-York avec l'intention de boxer contre un nègre et pour avoir amené avec lui une jeune dactylographe qui ignorait la dactylographie. Sans doute avait-elle d'autres talents. Luis Firpo n'ignorait pas qu'en Amérique, quand on veut se désaltérer, il faut apporter avec soi de quoi boire ; et, quand on veut aimer, il faut apporter avec soi de quoi aimer. Toute la question est de faire passer sous le nez des douaniers la poule ou la bouteille.

Luis Firpo présenta la demoiselle aux douaniers : « C'est ma dactylographe ; c'est elle qui tape tous mes rounds en plusieurs exemplaires, et sur papier carbone quand je boxe avec un nègre. » Or les douaniers installèrent la dactylographe devant une machine à écrire, avec prière d'en jouer un air. L'épreuve fut concluante. La jeune fille fut renvoyée sur-le-champ en République Argentine afin de compléter ses études... Quant au boxeur, on finit par le remettre en liberté provisoire sous caution de mille dollars, parce qu'en Amérique tout finit par s'arranger pour de l'argent. Mais, auparavant, il connut diverses prisons, parce que, si on l'avait laissé entrer sur la terre de la Liberté en compagnie de la dactylographe, il eût été fort capable de coucher avec elle... Deux personnes de sexe différent qui couchent ensemble sans être mariées ensemble, c'est une chose qui ne s'est jamais vue et qui ne se verra jamais en Amérique. Voilà pourquoi Luis Firpo fit de la prison préventive ; voilà comment il poursuit aujourd'hui son entraînement en observant le régime rigoureux qui convient à un athlète et qui consiste à s'abstenir d'alcool, de tabac et de dactylographe.

Vraiment ces Américains forment le peuple le plus vertueux, le plus admirable, le plus embêtant de la terre. Ayant jadis pratiqué

l'esclavagisme, dont ils garderont toujours rancune aux noirs, ils ont un sens perfectionné de la tyrannie sociale, qu'ils exercent contre les blancs.

Si l'ange à l'épée flamboyante que le Créateur plaça devant le Paradis terrestre avait été américain, nous ne serions pas là pour admirer l'Amérique, car il eût certainement séparé Adam et Eve, qui n'étaient pas mariés, en mettant l'un dehors et l'autre dedans. Ainsi Abel ne serait pas né, ni Caïn, ni les autres, dont l'Histoire sainte n'a pas gardé les noms.

(Mais je me demande quelle tête eût fait un Américain sur le mont Ararat, obligé de prendre parti dans la dispute entre Cham, qui était un nègre, et Noé, qui était un poivrot... Ces deux personnages étant d'ailleurs les élus de Dieu, qui les avait choisis dans une multitude de condamnés pour les exempter de la noyade générale.)

Mais admirez la logique étonnante de la vertueuse Amérique :

Lorsque nous envoyons vers la vertueuse Amérique quelque vieille grue d'ans et d'honneurs chargée, enrichie par le commerce de charmes périmés, auxquels une scène subventionnée ou un tremplin de music-hall servit d'étalage, la vertueuse Amérique reçoit la vieille grue avec des transports d'enthousiasme et d'admiration. Remarquez que la dame traîne toujours avec elle un ou deux robustes secrétaires ; mais l'éclat de ses diamants éblouit les vigilants douaniers, qui négligent de vérifier si le secrétaire sait lire et écrire (il lui suffit de savoir compter).

Et puis, aux Etats-Unis, on honore le travail comme instrument de richesse, car on estime la richesse au-dessus de tout.

Ces gens turbinent, turbinent, pour entasser des dollars.

Pour quoi faire ?

Leur loi leur interdit de boire et d'aimer. C'est par ironie, sans doute, qu'elle leur permet de travailler : « Travaille et deviens riche pour boire de l'eau et regarder de loin les jolies filles, avec défense d'y toucher. »

Ainsi l'Amérique ressemble à ce jardin dont je vous parlais tout à l'heure ; ce jardin est gardé par un douanier métaphysique et il n'y mûrit que des fruits défendus.

Un milliardaire américain est certainement un monsieur considérable ; mais ce n'est pas ainsi que je me figure un roi de la création. Je vois plutôt un matelot saoul dans un vieux port du vieux monde : le matelot saoul s'offre des libertés et des joies qui sont interdites à un vertueux milliardaire des Etats-Unis.

Et je me méfie du Paradis, non pas parce que (à en croire Edmond About) le Paradis sera plein de curés... Je n'en suis pas si sûr que ça... et avec les curés on peut toujours s'entendre. Mais je suis sûr que le Paradis sera bourré d'Américains, à qui le Juge Suprême n'aura pas à reprocher la plus légère défaillance le Jour du Jugement.

Qu'est-ce que j'irais faire Là-Haut, dans un céleste séjour où on ne peut même pas apporter sa bouteille et sa dactylographe.

G. DE LA FOUCHARDIÈRE.

## III

## AND FROM CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

*Prague, Autumn* 1924.

We English speaking peoples are astonishingly ignorant of what is going on in this new republic of Czecho-Slovakia. Since the overthrow of the Hapsburgs and the establishment of the Republic under Dr. Masaryk this country has rapidly recovered from the effects of the War and is now the leading nation of Central Europe, exercising in the Balkans an influence similar to that of Great Britain in the Far East.

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At first sight the main difficulty for the occidental visitor to Czeco-Slovakia would seem to be that of language ; actually. this obstacle to inter-communion is relatively small. The entire population of the country is round about fourteen millions Of these three millions are of German birth or origin, the remainder Czechs, Hungarians and Russians in that order of proportion. But every man in the country from the middle classes upwards can speak and write German, at least. And, since every educated Czech is a gifted linguist the traveller will find that, if before opening a conversation he will take the trouble to explain what is his nationality or the language in which he wishes to converse, his interlocutor will answer him in that language supposing it to be one of the great western races... French, English, German or Russian.

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It is probably for its music that Czecho-Slovakia is best known to the outside world : for there can hardly be any country in which the *Humoresque* of Dvorak is not a commonplace and this year we have celebrated the centenary of the birth of Smetana. But it is by the diffusion of music through the whole country, in all races and classes that Czecho-Slovakia is most distinguished. There are few peasants that cannot play one instrument or another ; for an infinitesimal sum in Prague you can have an excellent seat at a concert as good as will be found anywhere

else in the world and the orchestra in a very mediocre café, here, would put to shame the performers of even very famous English orchestras.

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To the outside world Czech literature is unknown : you have to take into account the impossibility that any foreigner should learn to read the language. Translations from the Czech into either French or German are very rare ; in English as far as we know they are nonexistent. The ordinary Czech novel would indeed hardly rouse, in occidental breasts, enthusiasm as a literary performance, but as sociological expositions of native lives and manners M. Nencova's *Babicka* or M. Jirasek's better known *Têtes de Chien* and *Philosophes* should certainly interest the student of these matters. The outlook for English and American literature is not much more promising : Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw are perhaps the most widely known of our writers, but the works of Miss Elinor Glyn and the late Mr. Jack London are regarded as classics by the younger generation.

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The theatrical record is more encouraging. The *Stavorske Divadla* has lately published admirable translations of plays by Shaw, Wilde and Shakespeare and the standard of acting is very high in the Prague theatres. I have seen very excellent performances of Mr. Somerset Maugham's *East of Suez* as well as of such British favourites as *Peg of my Heart* given with a skill worthy of a better cause. This autumn we are promised, at the National Theatre, a performance of Flecker's *Hassan*. Of this production much is expected.

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In spite of these phenomena very great interest in the study of English is shown by the inhabitants of Prague. There are in this city three large schools that teach only the English language and Literature. In one of these alone there are more than two thousand students whilst in the course of its four years existence over thirty thousand have attended its courses. These are provided by graduates of the larger English and American Universities. There are in addition, scores of private teachers of English. But indeed, as has been said, every Czech or German of the cultivated classes speaks both French and English. Some indeed are adepts.

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We come then to Sport. There is in Prague a Sportive Organization : its membership embraces two hundred thousand women and men who indulge in football, hockey, swimming, gymnastics and riding. In the week of writing we have been honoured by visits from the Olympic runners, Carr of Australia and Porritt of New Zealand... The former had a walk-over in the hundred metres, the latter enjoyed similar victories in

the one hundred and fifty and two hundred metres. These were the only events in which they competed. However, quite good English Association teams occasionally visit Bohemia, and they are not always certain of gaining victories over the Czech clubs.

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The inhabitants of this long-oppressed nation are hospitable and of a kindly disposition towards foreigners.

Francis MUSGRAVE.

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*Editorial.*

We have this month suppressed ourselves and our London letter to make space for the above communication from Prague. We almost wish we had not. The devastations wrought by us Anglo-Saxons in weak and inoffensive nations are already well enough known : but to have exported Miss Elinor Glyn and *Peg of my Heart* to Prague is an offence that makes the imagination reel : it needs but the immigration of a Democratic Convention and some readings by any British Poetry Society to complete the doom of a city once famous for its Siege.

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This ummitigable picture of the gloom of the Dark Ages spreading amongst little Arcadias of civilisation—for even Smetana must be better than Us—is a little relieved by the section of Paris Verse which, true to our endeavours to make the three sides of the Atlantic acquainted with each other's artistic movements, we have enriched our Literary Supplement of this month. These poems are by Anglo-Saxon ladies who are well known residents of Paris. So they are international products of interest : but as to which side of the blanket is getting back on the other it is difficult to say.

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Our usual reporters report to us as usual that no outstanding literary work has appeared of late in London : this is to want tact since works by several members of the staff of this review have there been published. In place of books or works of art London has signalized herself to the world by the amazing intrusion of Professor Doctor Gilbert Murray on the Society of Nations at Geneva. The occasion was this. On the 24th of July the French government offered to endow and present to the Society of Nations an institute of intellectual cooperation that should be seated at Paris. The offer was received with almost universal applause. Professor Ruffini of Turin on the part of Italy, Professor Lorentz of Leyden, Professor de Reynold of Berne ; the representatives of Belgium, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires and last but not least, Professor Einstein all accepted the offer with enthusiasm. It remained for Professor Doctor Gilbert Murray, representating obviously the universities of

Gœttingen and Jena, to refuse the offer in the name of the British government "in the fear that French influence would manifest itself too much in an institute whose director would presumably be a Frenchman and whose seat would be at Paris." Professor Doctor Murray was supported by Miss Christine Bornevic of Christiania.

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We do not here much stand for abstract thought and the sciences which may be taken as being very well able to take care of themselves and Paris is incontestably not merely the most important but the only meeting place of the nations in matters of the arts. But this lamentable appearance of Professor Doctor Murray is so singular that we cannot very well refrain from momentary comment on a theme to which we must return. That we, a nation whose contributions to the civilization of Czecho-Slovakia are association foot-ball, Miss Elinor Glyn and *Peg of my Heart*, should be represented by a gentleman who has reduced Euripides to the level of a South Kensington tea party is only in the nature of things but that that gentleman on behalf of the British government should be permitted to say that he would rather see the intellectual progress of the world bridled and forever checked than progressing under French influence is a matter much more serious than can be treated in the few lines remaining at our disposal at the end of a month. Perhaps in the meanwhile some reader will cause some enquiries to be made in Parliament as to what extent this incredible pronouncement of the Professor Doctor was authorized by His Majesty's government. With that information in our possession we will next month deal with the matter much more fully.

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As regards internationalism Great Britain in this number is represented at the moment of writing by six contributors, Ireland by two, the United States by six, France by three unless we count Mme. de Lanux, an American by birth, as being French through her marriage. As for Mr. Angus McPhail, he is obviously Celtic, but perhaps he is not Irish. Mr. John White Conybeare we think is an Englishman naturalized in the United States. Mr. Ludwig Nordstrôm, more creditably than Miss Christine Bornevic, represents Scandinavia once more in these pages. As far as we know Mr. Gilbert Brookes and Mr. H. Stuart, who is Irish, make their first appearances in these pages. We should be glad if Mr. Stuart would communicate with us as we have not his address.

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By an unfortunate misprint Mr. Ford Madox Ford is represented in our last number as having commenced as an author at the age of nine. His first meeting with Mr. Conrad took place not in 1890 but in 1898.

In the place of a review of The Quarter's Books in London we have printed Mr. Neil Forbes Grant's account of the requirements of the modern stage. The drama, like the cinema, is an art with which we do not profess to deal, knowing nothing about it, but Mr. Grant's article seems to us to be both lucid and instructive. For permission to use M. G. de la Fouchardière's admirable and spiritual article we have to thank *l'Œuvre*. Americans should be pleased by this picture of their country as seen by the eyes of a writer who has not visited the United States. We have next month to print an account of that national French institution the wild boar hunt, by an American gentleman who has never hunted the wild boar in France. This is true internationalism.

# COMMUNICATIONS

## I

## GERTRUDE STEIN

*(Continued.)*

*To the Editor, The Transatlantic Review.*

Dear Sir:

There is no particular advantage in groping for subject matter in a literature that is sufficiently satisfying as verbal design, but the point at issue, for those who are confident of their ability to write Gertrude Stein with their minds shut, is, that her design could not attain the organic consistency that it does, were there no intention back of it.

Kenneth Burke deducts from her effectiveness the satisfying climax of subject. For it is rather the debris, always significant with that rhythm he analyses that has attracted his attention, than the sudden potential, and, to a mind attuned protracted illuminations of her subject which form the very essence of Gertrude Stein's art.

Nevertheless it is disconcerting to follow with great elation certain passages I have quoted when unexpectedly time and space crash into a chaos of dislocate ideas, while conversation would seem to proceed from the radiophonic exchange of the universe. Yet you 'come up for air' with the impression that you have experienced something more extensively than you ever have before . . but what? The everything, the everywhere, the simultaneity of function.

But these concussions become less frequent as again and again one reads her, and each time her subject shows still more coherence. One must in fact go into training to get Gertrude Stein.

Often one is liable to overlook her subject because her art gives such tremendous proportions to the negligible that one can not see it all at once. As for instance in . . "Handing a lizard to anyone is a green thing receiving a curtain. The change is not present and the sensible way to have agony is

not precautious. Then the skirting is extreme and there is a lilac smell and no ginger. Halt and suggest a leaf which has no circle and no singular center, this has that show and does judge that there is a need of moving toward the equal height of a hot sinking surface."

To interpret her description of the lizard you have to place yourself in the position of both Gertrude Stein and the lizard at once, so intimate is the liason of her observation with the sheer existence of her objective, that she invites you into the concentric vortex of consciousness involved in the most trifling transactions of incident.

Her action is inverted in the single sentence "Handing a lizard . . etc." Where the act of the subject transforms into the passivity of the object.

"The change is not present . . " She has taken on the consciousness or rather the unconsciousness of the lizard in the inexplicable predicament of it's transportation.

And in "The sensible way to have agony is not precautious," it's struggle to retreive it's habitude.

How much beauty she can make out of so little. After the "green thing receiving the curtain", this comparison of a lizard to a leaf.

"This has that show and does judge", again the inversion. She is turning the lizard outside in, it's specular aspect fuses with it's motor impulses and now she represents the palm of the hand to you as a land surveyor might a prospect.

To the advocates of Stein prohibition I must confess that the line "then the skirting is extreme and there is a lilac smell and no ginger" is not clear to me ; the immediate impression I receive is that the puffing of the frightened reptile's belly is being likened to a billowing skirt that the lilac shadow on the flesh of the hand shunts into the smell of the lizard . . But why the ginger? Something suggested ginger to the author and escaped her, so she denies the ginger. . The greatest incertitude experienced while reading Gertrude Stein is the indecision as to whether you are psychoanalysing her, or she, you.

There is a good deal of ginger floating around in this book of Geography and Plays, as are also pins stuck about. The ginger so far escapes me, the pins I accept as an acute materialization of the concentric.

Compare this lizard episode with an example of a drama animated by the projection of the intellect into the intimity of the inanimate.

"The season gliding and the torn hangings receiving mending, all this shows an example, it shows the force of sacrifice and likeness and disaster and a reason." Tender Buttons.

Gertrude Stein possesses a power of evocation that gives the same lasting substance to her work that is found in the Book of Job.

Take the colossal verse

He spreadeth the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing. Job.

Which has the same mechanism as the eye-egg light episode and the lizard-curtain episode, and the analogy to Gertrude Stein is obvious in such passages as the following . .

"Am I a sea or a whale
Darkness itself
Who canx stay the bottles of heaven
The chambers of heaven." Job.

Like all modern art, this art of Gertrude Stein makes a demand for a creative audience, by providing a stimulus, which although it proceeds from a complete aesthetic organisation, leaves us unlimited latitude for personal response.

For each individual with his particular experience she must induce varying interpretations, for the logician she must afford generous opportunity for inferences entirely remote from those of the artist approaching her writings. There is a scholarly manipulation of the inversion of ideas, parallel to Alice In The Looking Glass, one is nonplussed by the refutation of logic with it's myriad insinuations that surpasses logic, which Gertrude Stein in her Plays achieves through syncopation.

I point these things out in passing, to draw attention to the class of material she brings to the manufacture of her new literature. If you can come to think of a philosophy, apart from the intrication of your reason, leaving on your memory an abstract impress of it's particularity' as a perfume or a voice might do . you can begin to sort out the vital elements in Gertrude Stein's achievement.

She has tackled an aesthetic analysis of the habits of consciousness in it's lair, prior to the traditionalisation of it's evolution.

Perhaps the ideal enigma that the modern would desire to solve, is, what would we know about anything, if we didn't know anything about it . . . To track intellection back to the embryo.

For the spiritual record of the race is this nostalgia for the crystallization of the irreducible surplus of the abstract. The bankruptcy of mysticism declared itself in an inability to locate this divine irritation, and the burden of it's debt to the evolution of consciousness has devolved upon abstract art.

The pragmatic value of modernism lies in it's tremendous recognition of the compensation due to the spirit of democracy. Modernism is a prophet crying in the wilderness of stabilized culture that humanity is wasting it's aesthetic time. For there is a considerable extension of time between the visits to the picture gallery, the museum, the library. It asks what is happening to your aesthetic consciousness during the long long intervals?

The flux of life is pouring it's aesthetic aspect into your eyes, your ears—and you ignore it because you are looking

for you canons of beauty in some sort of frame or glass case of tradition. Modernism says Why not each one of us, scholar or bricklayer pleasureably realize all that is impressing itself upon our subconscious, the thousand odds and ends which make up your sensery every day life?

Modernism has democratised the subject matter and la belle matière of art, through cubism the newspaper has assumed an aesthetic quality, through Cezanne a plate has become more than something to put an apple upon, Brancusi has given an evangelistic import to eggs, and Gertrude Stein has given us the Word, in and for itself.

Would not life be lovelier if you were constantly overjoyed by the sublimely pure concavity of your wash bowls? The tubular dynamics of your cigarette?

In reading Gertrude Stein one is assaulted by a dual army of associated ideas, her associations and your own.

"This is the sun in. This is the lamb of the lantern of chalk." Because of the jerk of beauty it contains shoots the imagination for a fraction of a second through associated memories.

Of sun worship. Lamb worship. Lamb of, light of, the world. (Identical in christian symbolism.) Sheperd carries lantern. The lantern=lamb's eyes. Chalk white of lamb. Lantern sunshine in chalk pit=absolution of whiteness=pascal lamb=chalk easter toy for peasants.

All this is personal, but something of the kind may happen to anyone when Gertrude Stein leaves Grammatical lacunae among her depictions and the mind trips up and falls through into the subconscious source of associated ideas.

The uncustomary impetus of her style accelerates and extends the thought wave until it can vibrate a cosmos from a ray of light on a baa lamb.

This word picture which at first glance would seem to be a lamb being led past a chalk pit by lantern at sun in - (down) is revised when on reading further I must conclude that it is still day light and I discover the lamb that carries itself, is itself the lantern of chalk.

And here let me proffer my apologies to Gertrude Stein who may have intended the description for . . . a daisy. The sun as the center, chalk as petal white, and the lamb an indication of the season of the year.

Let us leave the ultimate elucidation of Gertrude Stein to infinity.

Apart from all analysis, the natural, the debonaire way to appreciate Gertrude Stein, is as one would saunter along a country way side on a fine day and pluck, for it's beauty, an occasional flower. So one sees suddenly:

"He does not look dead at all.
The wind might have blown him".

I am,
Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Mina Loy.

II

## ON READING "LE ROUGE ET LE NOIR".

*To the Editor, The Transatlantic Review.*

Dear Sir,

The graceless attitudes:
The limp beattitudes: *(the 2 t's intended A.MP.)*
Cherish desire to pull it damply out
Shout, shout, shout
"Ils me liront vers 1880"
Mais il n'a *pas* peint.
Complexes (it is safe to say)
"Sexes" — "Sexes"
(Always "Sexes")
Dominating Julien
(Dominating Cécile)
It is not they say to be presumed that he exploited that bloody
modern awareness
He did not?
He did *not*.
(He did not).
Disavowed the subtler subtleties of post-Freudian journalism.
Tangentially offering
Offering (a trifle sanctimoniously) proffering
Goods of cut-off-the-joint-and-come-again
C'est mon homme!
C'est mon homme!
Telling lubricity in her own province as if
Italiante so a first-best bed
Hors concours just the same.
Self-conscious during
Self-conscious before
Self-conscious after.

Demonstrating, sir, as the content insists
The invisible outward sign
(No sign)
Otherwise ignored
C'est son homme
A lui.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant

Angus McPhail.

## III

## FRENCH WINES

*To the Editor, The Transatlantic Review,*

Dear Sir:

Mr. William Bird's book on French Wines is an admirable work. It must contain the names of several thousand wines, each name being seven sweet symphonies: Lafite, Latour, Margaux, Pichon-Lalande, Montrose, Kirwan, Rochet, Rabaud-Promis, Beaujolais, Challonais,—in mercy I pause, remembering that your review penetrates in thousands a land where these sweet sounding names can but cause a dry twitching of the throat and a sad remembrance. But let them, poor souls, read of how to choose, lay down, catalogue, decant,—or abstain from decanting—hang with the nose over, and allow to trickle slowly down the throat, a "Cellar of 300 Bottles" beginning with

First and second growth Medocs . . . . . 12

and ending

Champagnes Bruts . . . . . 24

Demi-Sec . . . . . 12

—then let them go dream.

Alas! In my day it was sacrilegious to eat anything but bread and salt when tasting wine. Mr. Bird prescribes Roquefort! O tempora, O mores!

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

John White Conybeare.

# transatlantic review.

*LITERARY SUPPLEMENT*

I

## RUE DE LA GAITÉ

by Eyre de Lanux.

dimanche soir

An undertaker's window closing for the night reillumines for me
A policeman goes by with his familywife and children
Between the laurel leaves there hung boudin and mortadelle
Entrails of Psammetichus come down to us
It is the one hour of the day Amourette It is Vespasia's hour Let us pray
She takes off her apron then lets out her water-waves and smiles
While they stand in files of patience chins up and eyes off center in her musical chalet
Stooping over into the mud stooping over he ties his bootlatchets
the Athenians tickled their deep red tonsils or aeosophages with feather dusters
brought them bronzen pots under woven saffron to ivory coaches
Here
the women have pale faces but voices that descend into Etna and break into flowers
through the complet veston shines not the geometrical pattern breasts navel and sex
but the horizon blue croix de guerre

Chypre. "à notre beau-père" on black wires seaweed meanders of green beads grey lilies and violet pansies
Ah the baronne de Beaudie lending her champagne legs to the warm muck's mirror
appraiding an anyline pink chemise to her cavalier written by another author
Could anything be kinder than October?

AT THIS MOMENT:

the telephone is ringing for me in the city
8576 Columbus girls are bleeding and blow out of the great shops and mount the buses
Christ is deciding to rise from the dead
in the Gorges d'Aprémont the hunter is standing has stood forever gun ready cocked
Suzannah leans over to wipe her red feet lean lower Suzannah my moons thy moons which everybody looks on'n calls his
on Africa that same star is
white worms still glow in nigger's feet in Crécy's ward
young hair curls round the poet's clavicle below the grass the flesh moves softly off the youngest bones
triangles of ibis light on lemon trees
on Lemnos you sit staring through glass water at no submarines
over Passy
gentlemen call
bells ring
curtains draw
ladies stare
for the last time into mirrors
into the air CADUM's giant letters fall
the trained seal balances the ball and counts to five
the elevated train turns the corner at 53rd street and 8th Avenue
the wooden shoes wait dumb beneath the oilcloth stairs
children take off their mittens and blow into their hands

II.

## AFTER READING CHINESE POEMS.

by Natalie C. Barney.

Arranged by Ezra Pound.

On the first day of May I lie reading poems,
They mount on the fumes of jasmine-scented tea
A friend has prepared
—After the heavy hours of meals—
In cups like the shells of plovers eggs.
No newspapers pass through the budding garden
Into the quiet house:
How still and restful are the days of revolution!
.....Red flags are leading dingy crowds,
Thoughts of pleasant tints are leading my dream-mind
Back to the dynasties of the delicate,
Who value a poem and a friend
As the deep possessions of their lives,
And hold all the rest as gold-dust under their feet
—That but touch the earth that they may spring from it!

## REPERCUSSIONS.

Because the cows have fed on garlic,
With cowslips and buttercups,
On the hill-side pastures—
The millionaire must taste at breakfast
A butter that stinks of this herb.

III

Fragments from

# THE AUTOMATON

by NANCY CUNARD.

I.

Come music,
In a clear vernal month
Outside the window sighing in a lane,
With trysts by appletrees—
Moths drift in the room,
Measure with running tender feet the book he reads
The month is golden to all ripening seeds ;
Long dawns, delaying twilight by a sea
Of slow transition, halting at full ebb ;
Midnight, aurora, daytime, all in one key—
The whispering hour before a storm, the treacherous hour
Breaking—
So wake, wind's fever, branches delirious
Against a riven sky.
All houses are too small now,
A thought outgrows a brain—
Open the doors, the skeleton must pass
Into the night.
    In rags and dust, haunted, irresolute,
    Its passion cuts new furrows athwart the years.
        Sorrow, my sister—
                yet who accepts
At once her tragic hand?

From pitiless explorations
Come the unwarrantable deeds,
The over-proved frustrations.
O vulgar lures of a curl,
Tricks, catches, nimble-fingered ruffian adolescence
    Whose beauty pulls
The will to fragments—
Young beauty in raffish mood. . .

2.

    By the Embankment I counted the grey gulls
    Nailed to the wind above a distorted tide.
    On discreet waters
    In Battersea I drifted, acquiescent.
    And on the frosted paths of suburbs
    At Wimbledon, where the wind veers from the new ice,
    Solitary.
    In Gravesend rusty funnels rise on the winter noon
From the iron-crane forests,
        with the tide away from the rank mud.
Kew in chestnut-time, September in Oxford Street
Through the stale hot dust—
And up throughout the murk to Fitzroy Square
With a lemon blind at one end, and the half-way spire
Attesting God on the right hand of the street—
    London—
        Old.
Dry bones turfed over by reiterant seasons,
Dry graves filled in, stifled, built upon with new customs.

Well, instead—
    The south, and its enormous days,
Light consuming the sea, and sun-dust on the mountain
Church of the harbour, the toiling, the loading, unloading—
By tideless seas
In a classic land, timeless and hot.

Trees
Bowed by the immemorial Mistral
The evergreens, the pines,
Open their fans....

3.

The sand is scored with print of unknown feet
Where seas are hollow, tenanted by sound;
The air is empty save where two wings beat
In timeless journeying—deep underground
Brood the eternal things, but in the street
No whisper comes of these, no word is found.
See now these berries dark along the hedge
Hard as black withered blood drawn long ago
Whose sap is frozen dry; a windy sedge
Hides field from ashen field, pale lapwings go
Whining above the heath, and floods are out
Over the meadows clasped in frigid lace
Of wintry avenues, ringed and fenced about—
His life is a place like this, just such a place.
For him no house, but only empty halls
To fill with strangers' voices and short grace
Of passing laughter, while the shadows' lace
Creeps from the fire along dismantled walls,
Uncertain tapestry of altering moods—
Only the sunset's hour, the solitudes
Of sea and sky, the rain come with the spring,
Dark winds that gnarl the olive-trees, and moan
Against the shuttered brain that thrills alone
Each night more racked by its adventuring.

## *THE QUARTER'S BOOKS*

*Paris, Autumn.*

De juin à octobre, Paris prend des allures de ville de province. Derrière ces volets clos, un œil curieux nous épie ? Que non, l'absence les a fermés et nous donne cette illusion. Allons dîner aux Mariniers, dans l'Ile Saint-Louis, nous aurons peut-être quelque chance d'y trouver une table libre. Les rues ne nous offrent plus de visages connus. L'antiquaire court la province. Le bouquiniste bouquine dans les foires. Le curé de Saint-Sulpice est en pélerinage à Lourdes. La pâtissière est à Deauville. Les cafés ont changé de clientèle. De grands paquebots, des express européens nous amènent des amis de l'étranger. Nos parents de province débarquent eux aussi : « avec leur petit salé ». Filons.

Tout Paris est à la mer, à la montagne, aux eaux, disséminé dans les plus petits villages. L'escargot a sorti son double télescope, comme disent l'abbé Delille et Tristan Derême, et on le suit à sa trace sinueuse. Il n'avance pas sans heurts.

Les régimes, les lois, les règlements semblent abstraits lorsqu'on est en pyjama, mais le touriste conserve de ses rapports avec les compagnies de chemins de fer, les hôtels et les municipalités un certain nombre de doléances amères. Le touriste artiste surtout : on a abîmé le paysage, on laisse tomber en ruines le monument historique, on a démoli la maison du XIIIe siècle, le vieil hôtel Renaissance sert de garage, le propriétaire du château ne permet pas qu'on visite sa demeure. Ça, c'est fréquent.

Moi, par exemple, qui n'ai pas un culte spécial pour Fénelon, mais qui ai cependant dans ma bibliothèque une vieille édition des *Aventures de Télémaque*, j'aurais aimé visiter le château de la Mothe-Fénelon, dans le Lot. Fénelon y est né, y a habité, et on y conserve son lit, sa table de travail et sa table de nuit, paraît-il. Mais le propriétaire, un certain comte de Malleville, je crois, qui était peut-être couché dans ledit lit, ou peut-être en train d'ouvrir la table de nuit, ce sera là son excuse, me refusa ce plaisir. Je dus partir, n'ayant vu que l'extérieur des tours rondes et les créneaux des murailles. Aussi, chaque année, un certain nombre de touristes artistes se réunissent-ils dans un café pour

demander qu'une loi ordonne aux propriétaires de châteaux historiques d'en autoriser la visite, ne fût-ce qu'un certain jour par semaine, à une certaine heure. Mais c'est une loi qui n'intéresse qu'eux, elle ne sera jamais votée.

*
* *

On lit peu en voyages. On regarde le paysage, on se repose, on fume, on cherche à identifier les jolies femmes. Cependant, il paraît encore des livres; surtout en juin et en juillet où les éditeurs se hâtent de sortir leurs éditions sous presse, mais en août et en septembre, le facteur de M. Souday et ses confrères peuvent se reposer.

La Nouvelle Revue Française, nonobstant, n'a pas cessé de nous envoyer des chefs-d'œuvres. Il a bien fallu les lire.

D'abord trois livres d'André Gide. C'est un événement. Une réédition des *Souvenirs de la Cour d'Assises*, qui est un beau livre, d'une haute conscience, qu'on lit en prenant en pitié le juge et la justice et aussi la victime, c'est-à-dire l'accusé. Dans *Incidences*, André Gide a réuni les articles qu'il a publiés ces dernières années, le mot d'ordre qui donne le ton aux goûts et aux partis-pris du jour ey dans *Corydon*, les arguments les plus subtiles et les exemples les plus sournois pour la défense et l'illustration de mœurs généralement considérées comme anormales et qu'il est cependant assez de mode de tolérer.

*Le Libertinage* de Louis Aragon est une suite de gestes d'indépendance, de cris, de cassements de vitres. Il est bon de se faire la voix et la main. Le scandale pour le scandale, l'amour pour l'amour, à bas le clair génie français. C'est un beau programme. La préface nous conduit à des exercices assez obscurs, récits, dialogues, où les mille désordres et contradictions des nerfs et des muscles, réflexes, rictus et tics agaçants, entraînent l'amour et ses supplices. On aimera particulièrement *la Femme Française*.

Quelques romans : *Prosper et Broudilfagne*, d'Henri Deberly, caricatures au fusain, charbonnées sur un mur ou sur un trottoir, un peu grossières par conséquent tandis que l'*Imagerie du Cordier* d'Armand Lunel est une jolie image d'Epinal, naïve, un peu mièvre, où défilent quelques types un peu figés, un peu conventionnels : Florent le cordier, Labri l'oiseleur, Eliacin le gardien du cimetière des Juifs, Blase le collectionneur, Castille le berger, Fécastru le maquignon.

*La Source Rouge* de Luc Durtain est une œuvre d'une construction précise, où les éclairages sont habilement dosés, cruels, implacables. Durtain est lui-même médecin et employant le jargon professionnel, il nous a conduits dans une ville d'eaux dans un milieu cosmopolite où dominent les mesquines intrigues, des clients, des médecins, des infirmiers masseurs, un couple se livre à un amour charnel passionné, avec la mort, la mort-maladie, au bout de leur étreinte. C'est un livre puissamment écrit, sans feintes, sans mièvreries, dans ce style aux images hardies que nous avait apporté *L'Etape Nécessaire*.

*Les Pincengrain* de Marcel Jouhandeau est un des livres qui nous émeuvent le plus. C'est lui-même qu'on évoque à chaque page. Sa voix basse, son sourire triste, ses yeux doux, ses gestes enveloppés et cet air de bonté et de tendresse qui ne le quitte jamais. Il nous avait déjà initiés à la vie mystique et provinciale de sa petite ville natale dans *la Jeunesse de Théophile*, mais les contes des Pincengrain sont d'une profondeur plus tragique, plus cruelle, plus amère. Sous les hésitations, les pudeurs, les reculs et les répétitions de ce style plein de douceur, quelle émotion douloureuse, quel mysticisme et quelle sensualité. Humains et divins, les hommes et les femmes que nous peint Jouhandeau sont nus comme Adam et Eve, enveloppés seulement des ombres de leur mystère. Le recueil comprend en outre des Pincengrain, Mlle Zéline, Mélanie Lenoir, Madame Quinte, Noémie Bodeau et Paul Kraquelin, autant de figures troublantes et inquiétantes qui ne nous quitteront plus.

Enfin, la N.R.F. a réédité *Adélaïde* et *Mademoiselle Irnois*, ces deux chefs-d'œuvre du Comte de Gobineau à qui justice est enfin faite et *les Plaisirs et les Jours* de Marcel Proust, esquisses de jeunesse où l'on retrouve les ébauches des grandes fresques qui sont une des gloires de la littérature de ce temps, et a publié *Variété* de Paul Valéry, recueil des études qu'il a écrites ces dernières années et où l'on trouve réuni un ensemble très complet de ses idées sur la poésie dans la Préface à l'Adonis de la Fontaine et surtout de ses idées philosophiques qui forment elles-mêmes un système très logique et très fermé qu'il exprime dans la préface à Eureka et dans l'Introduction à la Méthode de Léonard de Vinci.

Un des livres les plus remarquables de ce temps, c'est *Vers un Monde Volage* que Henri Hertz vient de faire paraître chez Rieder. C'est la suite logique de *Sorties*, ces autres contes parus il y a deux ans et qui avaient surpris par leur accent amer et douloureux, leur ironie impitoyable. Une atmosphère de fantastique qui rappelle les romantiques allemands et certains contes d'Erckmann-Chatrian nous conduit à travers des abîmes et des précipices périlleux pour le lecteur jusqu'à ce monde qui n'est qu'à lui, où la perspective est arbitraire, les visages plus tragiques qu'ailleurs et les cœurs de rouges éponges sanglantes.

Un écrivain qui est original et dont l'apport est grand lui aussi, c'est Panait Istrati dont le premier recueil de nouvelles *Kyra Kiralina* est publié par Rieder. Né à Braila d'un contrebandier grec et d'une paysanne roumaine il a mené une existence mouvementée, celle des personnages de ses nouvelles qui parcourent les Balkans et l'Asie Mineure en exerçant les métiers les plus divers et les plus pittoresques. Il s'est appris lui-même le français et c'est dans notre langue qu'il s'est mis à écrire ces nouvelles colorées, tragiques, sensuelles et pleines d'une vie frémissante et d'un exotisme nouveau qui le révèlent aujourd'hui. Kyra, Stavro, Dragomir font partie à présent des figures les plus

curieuses et les plus attachantes sous lesquelles l'Orient nous apparaît. Et quelle âpreté et quelle vérité bien plus attrayante et bien plus vivante que les évocations de Loti..

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Deux livres de critique viennent de redonner un regain d'actualité au culte de Balzac que les *Cahiers Balzaciens* de M. Marcel Boutron entretiendraient pieusement s'il en était besoin.

Je signalerai seulement que tous deux, aussi bien celui de M. Arrigon, *Les Débuts Littéraires d'Honoré de Balzac* (Perrin), que celui de M. André Bellesort, *Balzac et son œuvre* (Perrin), qui sont tous les deux des études excellentes et très intelligentes, ne donnent pas encore aux Œuvres de Jeunesse de Balzac la place qu'elles méritent. Il serait bon que les balzaciens se donnassent la peine de lire ces romans, et de les lire sans l'idée préconçue qu'on a que ce sont des romans-feuilletons sans intérêt. Je les considère, au contraire, comme des œuvres fort intéressantes et dignes, à certains points de vue, d'être comparées à ses œuvres postérieures. M. Henri Girard qui dirige avec tant d'autorité la collection romantique ferait bien de les rééditer. Balzac méconnu ! On ne se sent pas fier à se mêler à la critique !

Un méconnu, celui-ci du deuxième ordre, c'est Cuisin dont M. J. Fort vient de rééditer *La Vie de Garçon dans les Hôtels Garnis de la Capitale* avec de jolis bois libertins de S. Sauvage et une introduction de Pierre Dufay. Cuisin est un des plus curieux des petits auteurs licencieux. Il écrit délicieusement mal, mais il a de la verve et il décrit ce qu'il a vu. *La Vie de Garçon*, le plus curieux de ses ouvrages, est plein d'aperçus pittoresques sur le Paris de 1820.

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Les traductions n'ont jamais été aussi nombreuses et aussi variées en France; jamais nous n'avons ressenti une telle curiosité, félicitons-nous en. C'est un peu à Valéry-Larbaud que nous devons ce goût. Il a beaucoup fait pour acclimater en France les écrivains anglais et espagnols les plus originaux.

C'est lui qui a traduit notamment Samuel Butler dont il vient de faire paraître *Nouveaux Voyages en Erewhon* (N.R.F.), c'est lui aussi qui a mis à la mode James Joyce dont Madame Ludmila Savitzky vient de publier aux Editions de la Sirène une très belle traduction de *Dédalus*.

Une réédition du *Nègre de Narcisse* de Joseph Conrad vient de paraître, à la N.R.F. tandis qu'on annonce la traduction d'un roman de M. Ford Madox Ford.

Mme J. Bucher et A. Wall viennent de faire paraître chez Stock une traduction de trois pièces absolument étonnantes de

Strindberg, *Le Songe*, et deux féeries, *La Couronne de la Mariée* et *Swanevit*, d'une grande richesse de poésie.

On connaît les admirables collections russes et les classiques de l'Orient de chez Bossard. Dans cette dernière vient de paraître *les Entretiens de Nang Tantrai*, traduits du siamois par Edouard Lorgeou avec des bois de Cosyns en même temps que dans une collection de littérature polonaise un très beau choix de chefs-d'œuvre d'Adam Mickiewicz.

Enfin, M. Jean Cassou a donné une très fidèle et très originale traduction de *la Veuve Blanche et Noire* de Ramon Gomez de la Serna, tandis que paraissait chez Rieder une traduction des *Essais Amoureux d'un Homme Ingénu* de Pio Baroja, qui révèlent au public français deux des plus curieux écrivains espagnols contemporains.

J'arrêterai là cette énumération, bien que parmi les autres livres parus, il n'en manque pas d'intéressants. Ceux-ci forment en général un ensemble assez complet et ne souffrent pas d'être rapprochés les uns des autres.

Georges PILLEMENT.

# THE QUARTER'S BOOKS

*New York, Autumn.*

To write of the state of literary affairs in America is to make something like an old explorer's map. One does not possess instruments of precision ; the sea-coast will appear twisted and ill-proportioned, as one has observed it while coasting anxiously up and down ; the ships will seem as large as the harbours, the monsters as pompous, as dangerous as tornadoes...

I might say, facetiously, that Mr. Hergesheimer suffers from Kleig eyes, a blindness produced by the artificial light used in motion picture studios. I might say that Mr. van Vechten... or that Miss Cather... But such comment would be like the testimony of a young alienist at the trial of X, or Y, or Z, a talented writer, accused of the crime of not being first-rate. And I realize that anyone more interested in this literary pathology than in the fact that somewhere, somehow, certain men manage to do fine work, would live in New York, not in Paris. He would know more about these "conditions" than I do ; he would read Mr. Van Wyck Brooks. But if one is to write anything solemn and critical, as a letter from New York, it must be about "conditions".

The great nuisance, the great peril, is His Censorship Mr. Sumner and the Society for the Suppression of Vice. This private organization is enabled by ambiguous funds—Rockefeller funds, one is told—to bring suit against writers and publishers, citing detached passages, and a law which appears to have been intended to prevent the traffic in intentionally lubricitous books. The Society has been so successful that now scarcely a publisher will dispute its decision ; they outdo it in prudery, for safety's sake, and at the first agitation of its index finger, withdraw the offending book. The Society's disfavour, being unofficial, "bloweth where it listeth, and thou canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth." The nervous publishers, not knowing what will arouse it, feel obliged to emasculate many books before they go to the printer. Anything, even a government bureau to approve or reject manuscripts, would be better than the harrying of this erratic and meddlesome organization.

It is useless to berate this shadowy potentate without considering the public opinion upon which its power rests. Much has been written here about the treason, the folly, the immorality of expatriation, by men to whom it has not occurred that they themselves, in America, are expatriates. In Kentucky, in New England, in the notorious Middle West, everywhere, there is an Indignant Population which regards even the contents of *The Dial* with moral disgust, from whose viewpoint, indeed, all writing, except what is efficiently, professionally concocted to supply a demand, is an abomination. All artists are spiritual expatriates. Their position in this commonwealth is that of a band of revolutionaries or a cult of immoralists. They exist by sufferance, by their willingness to endure poverty, or by "protective colouration."

Of course the Professionals are not intimidated, not humbled, not poor, for they know "what the public wants". They are to be seen at large parties. Extensive gin is served ; for in certain circles in America gin is a convention, like the samovar in Russia. One hears prognostications of success or failure, like tips on the Stock Exchange. Absent writers are accused of vices ; their friends defend or betray them. The gin is stimulating...

Surrounded (and ignored) by the Indignant Population, hedged in (and boycotted) by the Professionals, there are a few persons, almost private persons, who write. The Professionals say, "Since they are not financially ambitious, they must be mad ; since they are not socially ambitious, they must have abnormal habits ; since they get in our way, they should be exterminated." But these almost private persons have a mania for writing ; they cannot be discouraged ; they go on doing it. They are in love with something, in heaven, or on earth, or in themselves ; and their tribute to the thing they love is its equivalent, as exact as may be, in written words.

There is, there has been, Mr. Henry B. Fuller. In the expansive 'nineties he wrote novels strictly formed for their purpose—the portraiture of an epoch. His prose—the conversations which catch fastidiously the tone of varying degrees of pioneer polish or barbarism, the mock-classic epigrams, the grim but capricious statements of fact—is the precise vehicle for his mild cynicism. He was widely read while the sense of affront lasted in persons who might have been his models, and is now the recipient of compliments from writers, such as Mr. Dreiser, who were stimulated by his example. He merely outlined the face and echoed the voice of his generation, having no zeal for reform, and encouraging no revolt. One is probably wiser (and sadder) for having read Mr. Fuller's *Chicago* than one would have become by living in the actual city ; that is all. In this respect his satiric novels differ from those of Mr. Sinclair Lewis ; what Mrs. Woolf has written of the Edwardian writers seems to apply to the latter : "in order to complete them it seems necessary to do something"—to

deliver a lecture, to commit suicide, to take the next boat to Paris.

This aristocratic realist has no strictly contemporary counterpart. Mr. Kenneth Burke's first collection of stories is to be published in the near future, I am told, by the firm of A. & C. Boni. One may characterize Mr. Burke's mind as scholastic. His stories commonly illustrate a complex theoretical perception; they record only secondarily the "customs and aspirations" of his time. He would approve Remy de Gourmont's definition of art as "la représentation de l'invisible par le visible." To this end, he seeks new arrangements of narrative to displace the traditional arrangement by chronology with its explicit relation to the visible and the actual. His method is in striking contrast to that of naturalists like Mr. Ernest Hemingway, who, having evolved a clean coherent style, let the chronology of the episode—"this is the way it happened"—determine the rest. Mr. Burke, on the other hand, writes in a "grand manner"; it is never one of the personages of the story who seems to tell it, "in his own words", but always a cultivated and arrogant intellect employing these personages almost arbitrarily to embody his meditations; and I know no young writer whose prose is so finished and so supple. There is throughout his work an inverted Puritanism, not unlike what certain people have complained of in *Ulysses*, before which the charm of the flesh vanishes like a devil driven out; where all was voluptuous, now all is indecent and unclean; and the exorciser regards what he has left with frank disdain.

The poets—Dr. Williams, Miss Marianne Moore, Mr. Wallace Stevens, Mr. E. E. Cummings, and Mr. Yvor Winters—are probably as well known in Paris as in New York.

Glenway Wescott.

# LONDON DRAMA

*London, Autumn.*

On a memorable evening, two months ago, I invited the great man to dinner. I found him condescending and, as a bottle of the 1900 made its way round the table, almost affable. Moved by the generous wine and encouraged by the sight of greatness in an unbending mood, I put to him the question "What qualities must a play have before you will accept it?" The great man sniffed the bouquet of the wine, cracked a nut, and casting his eye to the ceiling in that mystical fashion common to the successful business man, slowly repeated my question. I refilled his glass and another nut was cracked. "Three things above all", replied magnificence, "Conflict, a good third act, and topicality." He paused, then with a gracious smile, "but the greatest of these is topicality."

"What do you precisely mean by topicality?" I asked.

"Topicality! What I mean is that a dramatist must have in his play something that responds to what people are thinking about. The play need not deal directly with an actual problem or phenomenon which is openly engaging men's minds, but it must fall in with the general line of thought which consciously or unconsciously is driving the multitude at the moment. The play must join the same river of emotion which is carrying the people who are going to see it. The critics (the great man glared for a second) the critics call old-fashioned, not a play which was obviously produced to meet the emotions of another age like *Œdipus Rex* or *Hamlet*," but a play written by a dramatist who has lost touch with his age. And the critics for once are right."

"Then", I said, "the successful dramatist must be a bit of a journalist." "He must", replied greatness, "Euripides was a journalist, so was the lad Shakespeare (my guest's humour, like that of most great men, was of a very simple kind) and so is Sir James Barrie. So also is Sir Arthur Pinero, only he is not quite so slick as the others. Too often, particularly recently, he gets there just a fraction of a second too late. Get at what people are thinking about and you've won half the battle". And the great man having thus delivered himself of

a truth to which, like all his truths he always gave a money value, repented at the indiscretion which prompted him to give away something for almost nothing and entered into an ecstatic and detailed account of his latest triumph in numismatics—a science or hobby which bores me to distraction.

But I pondered over the great man's words and could not help feeling how right he was. The tyranny, exercised not by Shakespeare but by Shakespeare's admirers, has impressed upon us the theory that great drama is written not for the age before which it appeared, but for all time, that the audience which the dramatist ought to have before his mind, is not the vulgar present but a distinguished and a discriminating future. But Shakespeare himself is a witness to a contrary creed. Despite our idolatry and study of Shakespeare, how ignorant we are of so much which was so thrillingly familiar to his contemporaries! I saw "Twelfth Night" in London the other week. Malvolio to the modern mind, is either an ass, a silly creature to be ridiculed, or he is the tragedy of vanity. But to John Manningham and the other Elizabethans who thronged the hall of the Middle Temple on the second of February 1601, Malvolio had a freshness, an audacity which we, to whom the Puritan is now a familiar and almost a faded thing, cannot clutch. To this age, limping so painfully after the Elizabethan there is, even in Shakespeare a glory that has gone. What meaning do Dido and Aeneas, Troilus and Cressida, and all the once familiar names of ancient fancy convey to the groundlings of London and New York in this year of grace? It is so difficult for one age to understand another. How much there is in the Elizabethans which escapes us! Why were they so fond of bombast, so tolerant of cruelty, so accommodating to coarseness? Why the childish delight they took in mistaken identity which is the theme of nearly all their comedies? Nor can we, with our mighty battlefields, our chemists hidden in their laboratories, and our generals poring over maps miles behind the front line trenches, quite realise how much personal prowess went to the winning of battles in the imagination of Shakespeare's patrons. The fight between Macbeth and Macduff which rather bores a modern audience, intent not on swordsmanship but on poetry, was of intense and dramatic interest to the playgoers of the *Globe*—as interesting, say as the dancing of Karsavina or the juggling of Cinquevalli to the twentieth century. Something has changed, something has vanished and we feel concerning the dramatic literature of the past something of the tender regret Wordsworth the man expressed concerning the aloofness of the nature so beloved, so near, to Wordsworth the boy.

A novel, a poem, a treatise are the works of an individual; their authors work in the cloisters of privacy. But a play is a composite thing and every dramatist is a collaborator. If we take the crudest form of drama, the modern film, we find that the respectable authors of the story invariably admit that it is

only with the greatest difficulty that they can trace any of their handiwork in the pictures which rush past their astonished eyes. Mr. Arnold Bennett, dramatist as well as novelist, has confided to us how many hands go to the making of a play. To this day, learned men are trying to distinguish the wheat of Shakespeare from the chaff of the collaborator and the authorship of whole plays is placed in doubt. Moreover, there are the players. A dramatist is dependent on the actors who embody the creatures of his imagination and the actor, not to speak of that modern convention, the producer, plays strange tricks and clothes with unexpected garments the children who, naked and unashamed, leap forth from the dramatist's brain. Many of the incidents, speeches, and twists of the Shakespearean plays which puzzle modern commentators, were probably inserted to suit the fancies of particular actors. A dramatist cannot live unto himself, even a dramatist of the sublimity of Shakespeare. A play before it has been moulded by the actors and the audience, is like a flat tyre or a sail that has yet to be filled by the wind. Everybody seems to take a hand at it, from the great Burbage himself who magnified his own parts and cunningly weakened the parts of others down to the apprentice, who, spitting out his orange pips, howled his derision or applause from the back of the courtyard. And so the spirit of the age rushes in or ought to rush into the drama. The real dramatist is extraordinarily sensitive to his environment. He sees his ideas metamorphosed and travestied by the rough journeymen who know what the groundlings, what the "cabbage heads" want.

Here then we find one reason why the spirit of the age imprints itself so closely on the theatre. A play is the result of a collaboration, and the intense, individual exclusive preoccupations of the dramatist are beaten down by the necessary contact with the outside world. Contrast, for example, the atmosphere in which Montaigne, whose English translation by Florio appeared in 1603, worked alone in his famous tower hugging the privacy beloved of the egoist, and Shakespeare, courting and submitting to the servants of the multitude, with one eye on the court, another on the crowd, and changing the garments of his dreams to suit the exigencies, vanities and idiosyncracies of the players. Montaigne, flaunting his personality, talks to us as man to man, yet, in a way, how little he tells us of the age in which he lived. Indeed what he does tell us is too often by way of reprobation. But Shakespeare, hiding himself behind the creatures who poured forth his words on the stage, reveals to those whose imagination can penetrate behind the thickening veils of time, the very spirit of Elizabethan England. A man of the theatre, however modest and retiring he may be personally, is artistically a man of the world. He cannot shake off the life around him. Whether his field be an Athenian market place, an Elizabethan tavern, a Mayfair drawing room, a New England

cottage, he observes, divines and meditates upon the thoughts, passions, and activities of his fellow men and fellow women. He cannot shake off the trammels of the present and if he thinks too much of posterity, there is always the collaborator at hand—the player, the producer, the audience to bring him back to the tangible visible things around him. Great art, of course, has the hard granite qualities enshrined in Gautier's poem and thereby endures the assaults of time. But great dramatic art has also always within it stuff that is dangerously perishable, something which would fain die with the men and women who spun and weaved it. No artist is so handicapped as the dramatist and no artist triumphs so magnificently when his spirit succeeds in overcoming the appanages of the flesh.

But there is another reason why the theatre insists on and breathes so strongly of actuality. It lies in the very curious character of a theatre audience. The theatre is essentially a social institution—a meeting place as ancient as the church itself and infinitely more dug into the fibres of our being than any Witenagemot, Council, or vestry. It is a commonplace how a man, entering a theatre, loses something of his personality, strips himself of his precious ego and becomes joined to a multitude as spontaneously as a river flows to the sea. He goes through, of course, the same process on entering a church, but in the church there is a third presence, the idol, the God. In the theatre, as we know it, man is alone with man. Some barrier is broken down in the theatre goer as soon as he enters the theatre and he finds by some mysterious process that all those safeguards, prejudices, superiorities and intellectual ramparts with which he protects his personality from the curiosity and influences of outside are swept away by this strange and mystical communion with his fellow men. It is for this reason that the most sceptical and refined persons are, despite their desperate efforts, thrilled by the melodrama and affected by the sentimental play and why emotions of the most childlike character are so successfully aroused. Our social sense is keenly alive to the theatre. We give up something in order to reap a rich reward. We venture our argosies so that they may return richly laden. That, I venture to think, is the explanation of the extraordinary aesthetic exaltation which comes over us on leaving the theatre after seeing a successful play, and also of the equally extraordinary depression which follows when the play leaves us cold. In the one cause, the risk has been justified ; in the other the subordination of the ego to the mass suggestion of the theatre has been an unsuccessful investment. Indeed, only a very persuasive and subtle force could compel us to submit to the discomforts of a theatrical performance, in London at any rate, where the seats are as uncomfortable as they are expensive, and where the aesthetic investment so often turns out to be a failure. Here we sit in the dark, wedged close to one another for about three hours, mere spectators, not actors, unable to

talk to one another, and obsessed by the thought that we shall be cast out into the street at a late hour and have to make our way homewards in crowded omnibuses and tubes. Compare, for example, the easy conditions to which the novelist invites us—the comfortable armchair, the freedom to interrupt the tale at the reader's pleasure. But in the theatre we are as subject to discipline as the soldiers of an army, we come and go at the beck and call of a higher will.

Under such conditions, then, successful plays must have a topical value. They must deal with the conscious thoughts or unconscious feelings which are moving men at the moment, whether the scene be laid at King Arthur's Court or in Illyria, or in the London or New York of to-day. The dramatist instinctively divines what is agitating society at the moment, he catches its mood, he exposes its ambitions, its loves and its fears. Something within that theatre unites stalls, pit and gallery, some tide is flowing which gathers all the flotsam and jetsam of humanity together, obliterating class and creed and individual preferences. The dramatist realises that something, studies the movements of that tide and scores a triumph in making the invisible visible, in giving expression to inward impulses and delicate insubstantial thoughts. The dramatist is the interpreter of his age. He tells us more about his age than the chronicler, the statesman, or any other artist. His plays are better documentary evidence than any parchment. Inside the church, the worshippers have to submit to spiritual sanctions, to the weight of tradition which binds every religion. The theatre is less exacting and gives free play to the genius of the period.

NEIL FORBES GRANT.

(*To be continued.*)

# JOSEPH CONRAD: A PORTRAIT

by Ford Madox Ford

## PART I.

### I

### *C'EST TOI QUI DORS DANS L'OMBRE...*

*(continued)*

After that first dinner Conrad talked, there being people present whom he found sympathetic... When he talked on such occasions he was like his *Mirror of the Sea.* Indeed a great part his *Mirror of the Sea* was just his talk which the writer took down in a short hand of his own extemporising, recalling to Conrad who was then in a state of great depression, various passages of his own relating... Alas, three weeks ago, the writer drove in a black, dusty, shaken, hooded contrivance, over a country of commonplace downlands, the continuation of the Kentish downs, beyond the Channel. He went, jolted behind an extravagant female quadruped between fields of wheat that small winds ruffled into catspaws. And the parallel was so intimately exact that the writer found himself saying to himself: "Well, Ford, mon vieux, how would you render that field of wheat?"... The reader must take this record of a coincidence as a sincerity...

For the days have been innumerable upon which behind the amiable mare of Conrad's or a far less amiable Exmoor poney of the writer's we drove—say between 1898 and 1905—over a country of commonplace downlands and asked ourselves how we should render a field of ripe corn, a ten acre patch of blue-purple cabbage, a hopoast. We would try the words in French: *sillonné, bleu-foncé, bleu-du-roi*; we would try back into English: cast around in the back or our minds for other French words to which to assimilate our English and thus continue for quiet hours.

So, three weeks ago to-day—Thus does one return to one's old loves!—the writer drove from just such a ramshackle, commonplace farm-building in an undistinguished country over slight hills on a flinty bye-road and heard Conrad saying

to him : "Well, Ford, mon vieux, how would you render that field of wheat?"... Unless you have these details you cannot know how immensely strong an impression this beautiful genius made on a mind not vastly impressionable or prone to forming affections... So the writer continued turning the matter over in his mind.

He went on thinking first of French and then of English : "Champs de blés que les vents faibles sillonnaient.. Cornfields... No, not corn-fields, because that, to Americans signifies maize... Wheat-fields... Fields of wheat that the weak... feeble... light... what sort of winds, breezes, airs..." There is no occupation more agreeable on a still day : it is more restful, really, than fishing in a pond... "Fields of wheat that small winds ruffled into cats'-paws... That is of course too literary..."

These considerations remained in the front of his mind as he was jolted over the abominable granite setts of a small market town, to the dilapidated station. He continued to think of wheat, dusty, bronzed, golden, as if running away over a small hill-side—whilst he purchased tickets of a disagreeable woman behind a grille, whilst he purchased an English paper of a very agreeable woman in a blue pinafore. On the railway-platform he said : "Dont les vents faibles sillonnaient les surfaces roussâtres...", whilst looking at black capital letters in the paper that his companion held folded. It struck him at once : This is a bad joke... That paper is of the sort that makes bad jokes... He was speaking to me. Not five, not three... minutes... Not three seconds : just now on this platform... the duskyish voice with the brown accent, rather caressing...

The writer exclaimed : Look! *Look!*... His companion unfolded the paper. The announcement went across two columns in black, leaded caps... They were demolishing an antiquated waiting room on the opposite platform, three white-dusty men with pickaxes : a wall was all in broken zigzags. The writer said to himself : "C'est le mur d'un silence éternel qui descend devant vous!" There descended across the dusty wall a curtain of moonlight, thrown across by the black shadows of oak trees. We were on a verandah that had a glass roof. Under the glass roof climbed passion flowers, and wine tendrils strangled them. We were sitting in deck chairs. It was one o'clock in the morning. Conrad was standing in front of us, talking. Talking on and on in the patches of moonlight and patches of shadow from the passion flowers and vines! The little town in which we were dominated the English channel from a low hill-top. He was wearing a dark reefer coat and white trowsers.

He was talking of Malaysia, palm trees, the little wives of rajahs in coloured sarongs—or perhaps not sarongs?—crouched

round him on the ground ; he himself crosslegged on the ground teaching the little wives of rajahs—to use sewing machines! Moored to a rotting quay—as it might have been Palembang, but of course it was not Palembang—was his schooner. His schooner had in its hold half a cargo of rifles under half a cargo of sewing machines. The rajahs, husbands of the little wives, did not like their Dutch suzerains and in that country the War has lasted not five but three hundred and fifty five years...

That then was Conrad on the occasions when he talked as he did on that first evening after dinner. His voice was then usually low, rather intimate and caressing. He began by speaking slowly but later on he spoke very fast. His accent was precisely, rather dusky, the accent of dark rather than fair races. He impressed the writer at first as a pure Marseilles Frenchman : he spoke English with great fluency and distinction, with correctitude in his syntax, his words absolutely exact as to meaning but his accentuation so faulty that he was at times difficult to understand and his use of adverbs as often as not eccentric. He used 'shall' and 'will' very arbitrarily. He gesticulated with his hands and shoulders when he wished to be emphatic, but when he forgot himself in the excitement of talking he gesticulated with his whole body, throwing himself about in his chair, moving his chair nearer to yours. Finally he would spring up, go to a distance, and walk backwards and forwards across the end of the room. When the writer talked he was a very good listener, sitting rather curled up whilst the writer walked unceasingly backwards and forwards along the patterned border of the carpet.

We talked like that from about ten when the ladies had gone to bed until half past two in the morning. We talked about Flaubert and Maupassant—sounding each other, really. Conrad was still then inclined to have a feeling for Daudet—for such books as *Jack*. This the writer contemned with the sort of air of the superior person who tells you that Hermitage is no longer a wine for a gentleman. We talked of Turgenev—the greatest of all poets : *Byelshin Prairie* from the *Letters of a Sportsman* the greatest of all pieces of writing : Turgenev wrapped in a cloak lying in the prairie at night, at a little distance from a great fire beside which the boy horse-tenders talked desultorily about the Roosalki of the forests with the green hair and water-nymphs that drag you down to drown in the river.

We agreed that a poem was not that which was written in verse but that, either prose or verse, that had constructive beauty. We agreed that the writing of novels was the one thing of importance that remained to the world and that what the novel needed was the New Form. We confessed that each of us desired one day to write Absolute Prose.

But that which really brought us together was a devotion to Flaubert and Maupassant. We discovered that we both had *Félicité*, *St.-Julien l'Hospitalier*, immense passages of *Madame Bovary*, *La Nuit*, *Ce Cochon de Morin* and immense passages of *Une Vie* by heart. Or so nearly by heart that what the one faltered over the other could take up. And indeed on the last occasion when we met, in May of this year, agreeing that we had altered very little, surprisingly little—oh not the least in the world!—the writer began : "*La nuit, balancé par l'ouragan...*" and Conrad went on : "*tandis que le feu grégois ruisselait.*" right down to : "*Et comme il était très fort, hardi, courageux et avisé...*"

Before we went on that earlier night to bed Conrad confessed to the writer that previous to suggesting a collaboration he had consulted a number of men of letters as to its advisability. He said that he had put before them his difficulties with the language, the slowness with which he wrote and the increased fluency that he might acquire in the process of going minutely into words with an acknowledged master of English. The writer imagines that he had actually consulted Mr. Edward Garnett, W. E. Henley and Mr. Marriott Watson. Of these the only one that Conrad mentioned was W. E. Henley. He stated succinctly and carefully that he had said to Henley—Henley had published the *Nigger of the Narcissus* in his Review—"Look here. I write with such difficulty : my intimate, automatic less expressed thoughts are in Polish ; when I express myself with care I do it in French. When I write I think in French and then translate the words of my thoughts into English. This is an impossible process for one desiring to make a living by writing in the English language..." And Henley, according to Conrad on that evening, had said : "Why don't you ask H.. to collaborate with you. He is the finest stylist in the English language of today..." The writer, it should be remembered, though by ten or fifteen years the junior of Conrad was by some years his senior at any rate as a published author, and was rather the more successful of the two as far as sales went.

Henley obviously had said nothing of the sort. Indeed, as the writer has elsewhere related, on the occasion of a verbal duel that he had later with Henley that violent-mouthed personality remarked to him : "Who the Hell are you ? I never even heard your name!" or words to that effect. It probably does not very much matter. What had no doubt happened was that Conrad had mentioned the writer's name to Henley and Henley had answered : "I daresay he'll do as well as any one else." No, it probably does not matter, except as a light on the character and methods of Joseph Conrad, and as to his ability to get his own way...

For it was obviously *une émotion forte* that the writer received in those small hours in a sufficiently dim farmhouse room. In such affairs Conrad's caressing, rather dragging voice would take on a more Polish intonation and would drop. His face would light up ; it was as if he whispered : as if we both whispered in a conspiracy against a sleeping world. And no doubt that was what it was. The world certainly did not want us; not at that date ; and to be reputed the finest English stylist was enough, nearly, to get you sent to gaol. Something foreign, that was what it was...

At any rate when, with a flat candle-stick, the writer at last shewed his guest into a shadowy, palely-papered, coldish bed-room and closed the door on him, he felt as if a king were enclosed within those walls. A king-conspirator : a sovereign-Pretender ; Don Carlos of a world whose subjects are shadows.

## II

As for what happened then immediately to the history of *Romance*, the book, the writer's mind preserves a complete blank! It might be easy to construct images out of probabilities or by consultation with one person or another. But that would not be within the spirit of the bond : this is the record of the impression made by Conrad the Impressionist upon another writer, impressionist also. It is an offering In Memoriam constructed solely out of memory.

Some years ago Mr. H. G. Wells took occasion to write to the papers. He stated that the writer had visited him and informed him that he had persuaded Conrad to collaborate with himself. Mr. Wells' memory must almost certainly have betrayed him though the matter is of no great importance. What does remain in the writer's mind very clearly is this...

The writer and Conrad made several choppings and changings in their occupation of the Pent : the writer occupied it for several years ; Conrad then lived in it with the writer's spare furniture which was mostly of Pre-Raffaelite origin. It pleased Conrad to write at a Chippendale bureau on which Christina Rosetti had once written or at another which had once belonged to Thomas Carlyle : one got in those days those small cheerful pleasures out of life. Then Conrad occupied the Pent altogether, the mournful house under the bare downs exercising a great fascination over him. When you went out of the front door—Mr. Walter Crane who during one of our movings about Kent and Sussex took the house furnished had painted a Japanese Crane and some verses on that door—When you went out then,

the narrow garden giving on to the stack-yard had a short brick path running under the windows and it was very soothing to see the flattish lines of the country running away for a great distance, one convolution going into another. The brick path dried up very quickly in the wettest of weathers : up and down it, as if on a quarter deck, Conrad would pace for hours and hours, the lines of the country soothing him. In that part of England the words of Charles II are most true ; what with the shelter of the downs and the position near the sea there is there scarcely any day upon which a man may not go abroad—at any rate to the extent of a brick path under his windows. The great barn closed in the scene immediately to the front, but you saw the fields to the right, so it was a very quiet and private place. ... And indeed during the last of our conversations, this year, Conrad alluded to the fact that, for the first time in his life, he had, in his vastly more arranged residence of that day, a study to himself. And he added : "Ah, but it isn't the *Pent*!" He said too that the great tythe barn had been burned down during threshing.

We used in our day to take great entertainment out of shooting rats with a Flobert rifle from the brick path. There were channels made by these animals in the blackgreen thatch of the barn and you would see them proceeding leisurely from end to end of the great expanse in broad daylight. Then... Whff, would go the Flobert and the small bullet pinging into the thatch would send a rat bounding away over the corrugations in the old straw into some hole, for all the world with the action of a tiger bounding over water-courses. As far as memory serves we never hit a rat : but one notable success was scored to the writer. Fired at from an incredible distance—ninety yards or so, something gigantic!—a great old grey rat crossing a road collapsed feebly. We ran forward and dispatched it with the butt. That was ever afterwards scored to the writer as an immense feat of marksmanship, often referred to. If any one talked of shooting Conrad would say : "Ah, but you should have seen Ford's shot at the rat!..." Actually the writer with a little more farm knowledge was sure that the rat was dying of old age before it was fired at, the bullet never reaching it. But he has kept his own counsel to this day of confession... No, we were not high-brow there at the Pent. We played dominoes, Conrad with passion and the skill of a master. Indeed, in how many City Meccas and Belgian cafés, must we not have rattled the black and white bones over round, white marble table tops! We played écarté or, when very serious, chess, but usually dominoes at which the writer never remembers to have won a game. Sometimes the writer knocked a golf ball about the fields, Conrad, standing on the brick path, regarding the occupation with the contempt say that his collaborator bestowed on Daudet. Once the writer seriously sat

down to describe in words the satisfaction you feel when you have brought off a good drive and see the white ball lyrically against the blue sky. It was a careful piece of writing, *mots justes* and all. Conrad looked at it with attention and then slowly, blankly, raised his shoulders and eyebrows, we returning to dominoes.

III

On one of those days, then, we drove in state from the Pent to pay a call on Mr. Wells at Sandgate. There was a curious incident. As we stood on the doorstep of Mr. Wells' villa, in the hesitant mind of those paying a state call, behold, the electric bell-push, all of itself went in and the bell sounded..... Conrad exclaimed: "Tiens!... The Invisible Man!" and burst into incredible, and incredulous laughter. In the midst of it the door opened before grave faces.

We paid our call. Whether we were taken to be drunk or no only the owners of those grave faces can say. I suppose that we were. But the incident of the bell-pull was of a nature that had a peculiar appeal to Conrad's humour. For years after, a translation of Mr. Wells' book having appeared in Italian, you could never mention that author's name without Conrad's saying: "Tiens.... L'Uomo Invisibile!"..... Indeed during a visit in an interval of our long separation caused by European vicissitudes and their sequelae Conrad asked the writer: "Do you ever see Wells now?" and added: "L'Uomo Invisible... Do you remember?"

But Mr. Wells' *Invisible Man* made an extremely marked impression on Conrad, as indeed it did on the writer. So it deserved to. Indeed as far as memory serves, *The Invisible Man*, the end of the *Sea Lady* and some phrases that that book contained, and two short stories called, the one *The Man who could work Miracles* and the other *Fear*, made up at that date all the English writing that, acting as it were as a junta, we absolutely admired. Later there came the stories of Mr. Cunninghame Graham, the writing of W. H. Hudson and, with reservations on the part of Conrad for the later novels—the work of Henry James.

It was as if when we considered any other English writer's work we always in the end said: "Ah, but do you remember *Ce Cochon de Morin*?" or the casquette of Charles Bovary, according to the type of work undergoing commendation. After reading the passage, say, of the pavior striking with the spade at the invisibility flying past him from the *Invisible Man*,

or the episode of the turning over of the lamp and the burning downwards from the *Man who could work Miracles*, we recalled no French masterpiece... These pieces were authentic, in construction, in language and in the architectural position occupied by them in the book or story—in the progression of the effect!

Mr. Wells has recorded that he was aware that at this date there was a conspiracy going on at the Pent against himself and against British literature. Against British literature there was, if you choose to call it so : against Mr. Wells the extent of our machinations is as recorded above.

Conrad had odd, formal notions of how one should proceed in the life literary. As far as he was concerned the purpose of our call on Mr. Wells was to announce to the world of letters that we were engaged in collaboration. To the writer this was just exactly a matter of indifference except for a not materially pronounced disinclination to pay calls anywhere or at any time. But Conrad liked proceedings of a State nature. He would have liked the driving in a barouche to pay calls on Academicians such as is practised by candidates for membership of the French Academy. And exceedingly vivid in the writer's mind is the feeling he had, as we drove down the sloping railway bridge above Sandling Junction. He was like a brown paper parcel on the seat beside a functionary in a green uniform, decorated with golden palm leaves and a feathered cocked hat.....

We were then going over the third draft of the second part of *Romance* and had at last finally and psychologically decided that the book would eventually go on. Of this the writer is certain. He is certain because the exact image and air of that time came back to him suddenly whilst making a very minute recension of the text of the French translation of *Romance*. The writer was in mid-Ocean on the deck of a liner reading very meticulously the translation of an episode when on a blue night in Kingston Vale John Kemp knocked down, in the presence of the Admiral of the Fleet in the Jamaica waters, a Mr. Topnambo, member of the governor's council, who wore white trousers that glimmered in the half-light..... There were on that upper deck in the sunlight a number of New York Jews playing pinocle and a number of Washington flappers reading novels. But the writer heard his own voice as, in the low parlour of the Pent, he read aloud the passage that concerned Mr. Topnambo, the blue night, the white trousers, the barouches standing in the moonlight waiting for Admiral Rowley and his intoxicated following to take the road. And then Conrad, interrupting..... "By Jove," he said, "It's a third person who is writing!"

The psychology of that moment is perfectly plain to the writer. Conrad interrupted with a note of relief in his voice. He had found a formula to justify collaboration in general

and our collaboration. Until then we had struggled tacitly each for our own note in writing. With the coming of blue nights, the moon, palms and the brilliant lights of the inn reflected down the river Conrad saw the possibilities that there were for his own exotic note in the story. Above all with the coming of politics : for John Kemp in coming to blows with Mr. Topnambo, member of the Governor's council, then and there identified himself with the party in the island of Jamaica that at that date desired annexation by the United States.

This at once made our leading character handleable by Conrad. John Kemp merely kidnapped by pirates and misjudged by the judicial bench of our country was not so vastly attractive, but a John Kemp who was in addition a political refugee, suspect of High Treason and victim of West India merchants... That was squeezing the last drop of blood out of the subject.....

The differences in our temperaments were sufficiently well marked. Conrad was brave : he was for inclusion and hang the consequences. The writer, more circumspect, was for ever on the watch to suppress the melodramatic incident and the sounding phrase. So, till that psychological moment, the writer doing most of the first drafting, Conrad had been perpetually crying: Give! Give! The writer was to give one more, and one more, and again one more turn to the screw that sent the rather listless John Kemp towards an inevitable gallows. The actual provision of intrigue in 1820 England and Jamaica was the writer's business. Conrad contented himself with saying : "You must invent. You have got to make that fellow live perpetually under the shadow of the gallows." In the original draft of the book John Kemp had been the mere second mate of a merchant ship going out to Jamaica in the ordinary course of his business of following the sea. But in the second draft he was mixed up with smugglers and fled from Hythe beach in the moonlight with the Bow Street runners hot on his trail—already a candidate for the professional attentions of the hangman. In that second draft however he was in Jamaica still merely a planter's apprentice—insufficiently hangable. There had to be more inevitability in the shape of invention. The writer therefore set to work to read a vast number of Jamaica newspapers of the 'twenties and, finding that that island was then an antheap of intrigue by what were called Secessionists, it was an easy task to identify Kemp hangably with those traitors to the British crown. Conrad however was a Loyalist : a Loyalist to every regime that ever existed but passionately a Loyalist to Great Britain. It was therefore necessary to give the screw one turn more : Kemp had to be made a misjudged man, betrayed by the stupid cruelty of merchants and the administration. He thus became exactly a figure for Conrad to handle. For, if Conrad were the eternal Loyalist, nevertheless the unimagin-

ative and cruel stupidity of Crown and Government Officials was an essential part of his creed. He was a politician—but a politician of the impasse. The British Empire was for him the perfection of human perfections, but *all* its politicians, all its public officials, police, military officers of the Crown, gaolers, pilots, port admirals and policies were of an imbecility that put them in intelligence below the first lieutenant of the French navy that you could come across.....

So, by that moment, we had worked John Kemp into a position that can have been occupied by very few unjustly accused heroes of romance. When he stood in the Old Bailey Dock he had the whole legal, the whole political, the whole naval forces of the Crown, the whole influence at once of the City of London and of the Kingdom of Spain determined to hang him. And the writer is bound to confess that reading, after an interval of twenty years, *Romance*—and in a French translation!—the hairs really did rise on his scalp over the predicament of John Kemp on his trial. And he wondered at the melodramatic genius that had been possessed by that third writer that was neither himself nor Conrad...

For having got hold of that comforting theory Conrad never abandoned it. At intervals during our readings aloud that lasted for years he would say, always as if it were a *trouvaille* that *that* was certainly the writing of a third party. It had not been long before he had given up all hope of swift fortune coming with the speedy finishing of that book. For the writer the pleasure of eternal technical discussion with Conrad was a sufficient motive for continuing our labours. But for Conrad with his stern sense of the necessity for making a career that was not enough. He had to find at least an artistic justification for going on. We were both extremely unaccepted writers, but we could both write. What was the sense of not writing apart if there were no commercial gain? He found it in the aesthetically comforting thought that the world of letters was enriched by yet a third artist. The third artist had neither his courage nor his gorgeousness; he himself had none of his collaborator's literary circumspection nor verbal puritanism... So the combination was at least.... different.

Thus came about our drive to the Lower Sandgate Road. Conrad considered it appropriate that we should make an official announcement. The collaboration was determined upon. For the receiving of this official communication no one could have been more appropriate than the author of the *Invisible Man*. Conrad had in those days a very strong sense that those who had taken part in his launching as a writer had the right to have communicated to them any crucial determination at which he arrived. It was a fine trait in his character. He had originally

consulted Mr. Henley, Mr. Marriott Watson and the writer presumes, Mr. Edward Garnett, these having been as it were his chief backers behind the scenes. Mr. Wells had been his chief backer before the public—as Reviewer. All the reviews that *Almayer* had received had amounted to a mountain of praise: the most tremendous and moving commendation had been that contributed by Mr. Wells to the *Saturday Review*, an organ that was then almost miraculously regarded, under the editorship of Mr. Frank Harris. Mr. Wells then, living in our neighbourhood, to whom better could this junta have proceeded? So at least Conrad thought and the writer offered no active objection.

Mr. Wells apparently thought the same. Of what happened at that villa in the Lower Sandgate Road, except that the back garden had, descending to the sea-beach, a step ladder up and down which several charming creatures were disporting themselves with the Channel as background, the writer carries in his memory now only the conversation of Bob Stevenson and the remembrance of Conrad, talking to Mrs. Wells with enormous animation about the great storm in which for the first time he came up the Channel, passing that point. The writer was engaged in remembering that great storm. He had been at school at Folkestone almost perpendicularly on the cliff above where we then sat. In the morning after the gale had blown itself out we looked down in sunlight from the edge of the Leas. The whole sickle of Dungeness bay had a fleet ashore on its beaches—innumerable smacks and coasting vessels, large international sailing ships and two East Indiamen, the Plassy and the Clive, with their towering black and white sides, all heeling over, right round the bay unforgettable and helpless, rigging and canvas hanging down like curtains..... Bob Stevenson was engaged in telling the writer with animation almost equal to that of Conrad that Ford Madox Brown could not paint. The writer was wishing himself with the group round Conrad and Mrs. Wells. The crossing of the voices of those two brilliant conversationalists remains still in these ears, and the odd mixture of feelings...

On the next day Mr. Wells bicycled up to Aldington Knoll where at about seven miles distant from the Pent the writer was once again leading an agricultural life of the severer type—in a cottage of the most minute, the Conrads occupying the Pent. The writer was, indeed, engaging himself on the invention of a new species of potato in the intervals of contriving the gallows for John Kemp. Mr. Wells came to persuade the writer not to collaborate with Conrad. With an extreme earnestness he pleaded with the writer not to spoil Conrad's style: "The wonderful Oriental style..... It's as delicate as clockwork and you'll only ruin it by sticking your finger in it." The writer answered that Conrad wanted a collaboration and

as far as the writer was concerned Conrad was going to get what he wanted. He can still see the dispirited action of Mr. Wells as he mounted his bicycle by the rear step and rode away along that ridge of little hills..... No more than those two speeches had been exchanged.

IV.

Into the still, depressed note of the Pent there had introduced itself the tremendous panorama of sea and sky that shewed from Adlington with its Knoll. We passed our time driving the amiable mare or the infamous Exmoor poney between one and the other. We went out of a sunshiny morning with bits of manuscript; we returned through bitter rain-storms, the mud splashing up visibly before the dim lanthorns, the manuscript read aloud, commented on, docketed for alteration..... It comes back as a time of great tranquility, though the high skies of Aldington, with the sickle-shaped, painted marsh and the flat Channel ending with the pink cliffs of Boulogne, seem cracked as the surface of an old, bright painting will be cracked —with the agonies of Conrad's poverty, unsuccess, negotiations and misgivings.

Still a time of great tranquilities, and, at intervals, there were triumphs. Pinker, a blinking Bramah in the shape of Destiny, would grant an unimaginable advance; William Heinemann—the most generous and wise of publishers, a Jew at that—would hand out an unexpected cheque on the top floor of 31 Bedford Street whilst the writer kept Pawling—a blonde Christian but much more like a publisher than his Semitic partner—interested as well as he might with a description of the plot of *The Inheritors*, a thin collaboration with no plot in particular that Heinemanns eventually published. Then Conrad would come in, buttoning his overcoat over the cheque: Mr. Pawling would throw up his hands and exclaim to the writer: "You've let him get at that ass William again. By God, that is not cricket!"... And the two conspirators against the peace of mind of No. 31 Bedford Street would proceed to the famous Bodega just out of the Strand. There, with Sir Henry Irving and Nellie Farren at adjoining tables, over smoked salmon and champagne in small tumblers, they would play dominoes until 4.30, the last train for Sandling Junction, with its quiet lines of scenery, its fresh breath of air, and the mare in charge of the stable boy who would be just lighting the lamps of the trap—that last train leaving Charing Cross at 4.50 and getting down just at dusk....

*For it would be delightful to catch the echo of the desperate, earnest and funny quarrels which enlivened those old days. The pity of it is that there comes a time when all the fun of one's life must be looked for in the past.*

*(To be continued.)*

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JANUARY—JUNE 1924

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